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149.662

Accessions

149.662

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

Boston Public Library.

Received, May, 1873.

Not to be taken from the Library.

Wiltford. 1816.

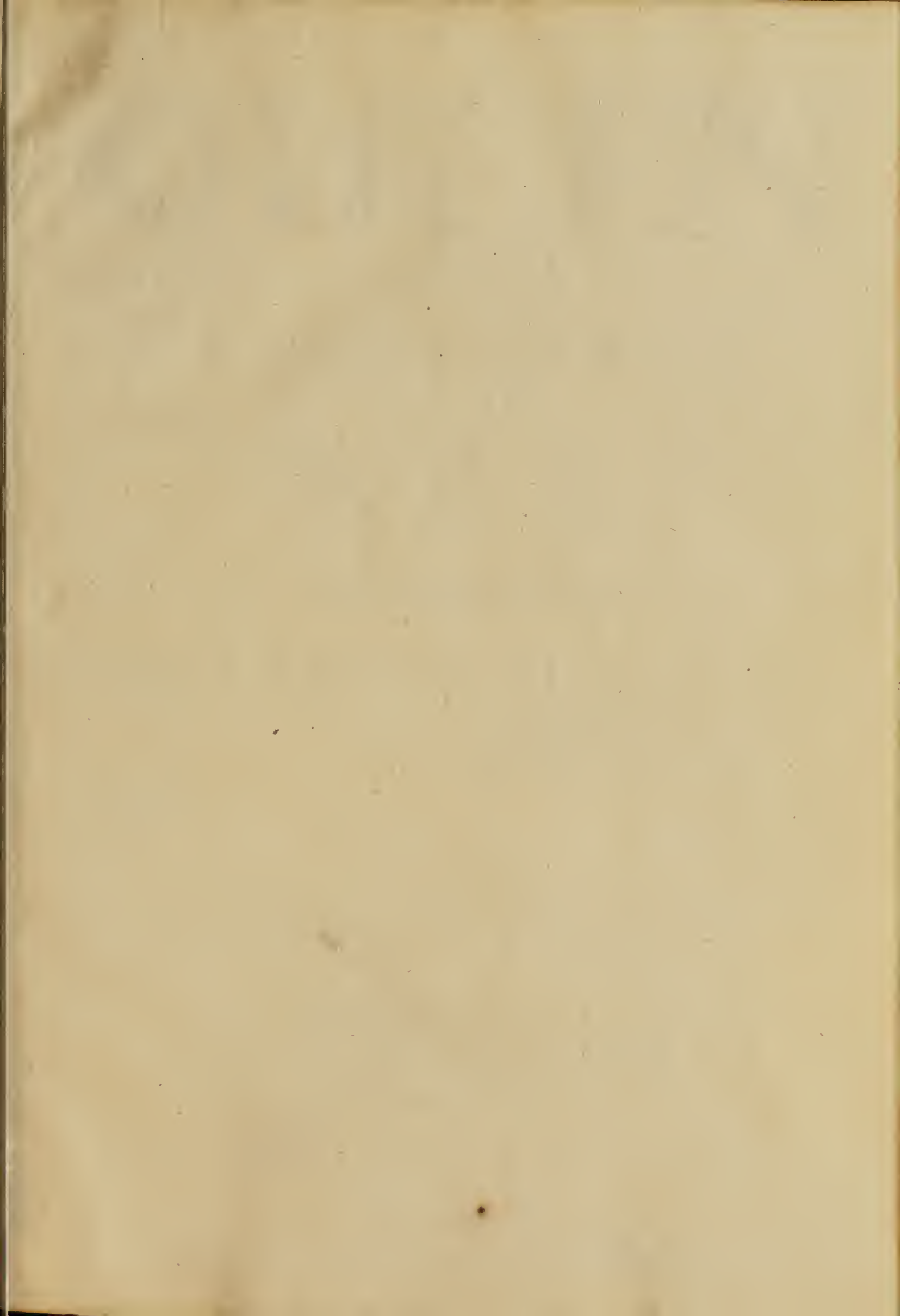
9. Jan. ⁷ 1819.

See Baker's Beg: Dram: vol. ii. p. 296. Part of the Plot
viz. the affair of Solapio securing Velasco not to fight, is
taken from Belle-forest's Histoirs Trageques. nov. 13.

And see same work ii. p. 179.
[Edit. 1812] under "The Dumb Knight," by
Machin, where it is said — "The most
essential incidents of the plot are taken
from Bandello's Novels, and are similar
to those in a play called "The Queen &c."

The incidents are almost identically
the same. Machin's Play was printed
in 1608, and it is probable that the
Author of this piece copied him.
S. P. B.





THE QUEEN.

OR THE EXCELLENCY OF HER SEX.

An Excellent old Play.

Found out by a Person of Honour, and gi-
ven to the Publisher,
ALEXANDER GOUGH.

Ἄνδρες ἔτ' ἄλλο τέταρτον ἐπὶ χρόνῳ πελοποτεῖρη,
Ζῶς Κρονίδης ποίησε διγυρότερον, καὶ ἄρειον
Ἡρωϊκῶν θεῶν γένος, αἱ καλέονται
Ἡμίθεαι.

Hesiod: lib: 1.

——— *Cedat jam Graia vetustas*
Peltatas mirata Nurus, jam Volsca Camillas
Cedat, & Assyrias quæ fœmina flectit habenas
Fama tace, Majore cano ———

✓
LONDON,

Printed by T. N. for Thomas Heath, in Russel Street, Neer
the Piazza of Covent-Garden, 1653.

1803

QUEEN

OR THE
EXCELLENCY

149662

X. May 1873

the Queen's

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Printed by J. W. for Thomas Hunt, in Fleet Street, West
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Printed by J. W. for Thomas Hunt, in Fleet Street, West
the Presses of Gordon-Gordon, 1873.



TO THE
VERTUOUSLY NOBLE AND
TRULY HONORABLE LADY,

The Lady

CATHERINE MOHUN,

Wife to the Lord *Warwick Mohun*, Baron of
Okehampton, my highly honored L O R D.

May it please your Ladiship,



Adam, Imbolden'd by your accustomed candor and unmerited favours to things of the like nature, though disproportion'd worth: (Because this Excellency seems to contract those perfections her Sex hath been invested with, which are as essential to your Ladiship, as light to the Sun) I presumed to secure this innocent Orphan from the Thunder-shocks of the present blasting age, under the safe protecting wreath of your name; which (I am confident) the virtues of none can more justly challenge, then those of your Ladiship; who alone may seem to quicken the lifeless Scene, and to demonstrate its possibility; reducing Fables into Practicks; by making as great honour

The Epistle DEDICATORY.

visible in the mirror of your dayly practise. Your pardon, Madam, for daring to offer such adulterate Metals, to so pure a Mine; for making the Shadow a present to the Substance, the thoughts of which was an offence, but the performance, a crime beyond the hopes of pardon. When my Fate had cast me on the first, I esteemed my self unsafe (with the Politian) should I not attempt the latter, securing one error by soaring at a greater: but my duller eyes endured not the proof of so glorious a Test, and the waxed juncture of my ill contrived feathers melt me into the fear of a fall: Therefore (with the most desperate offenders) I cast my self on the mercy of the Bench; and since I have so clement a Judge as your self, do not wholly despair of absolution, by reason my Penetential acknowledgiment atones part of the offence; and your remission of the whole will eternally oblige,

MADAM,

The humblest of your

Ladships Servants,

ALEXANDER GOUGH.

To Mr. Alexander Goughe upon his publishing
The excellent Play call'd the *Queen*;
or the Excellencie of her Sex.

IF Playes be looking glasses of our lives
Where dead examples quickning art revives:
By which the players dresse themselves, and we
By them may forme a living Imagry
To let those sullied, lie in age in dust
Or break them with pretence of fit and just.
Is a rude cruelty, as if you can
Put on the christian, and put off the man.
But must all morall handsonnes undoe
And may not be divine and civill too.
What though we dare not say the Poets art
Can save while it delights, please and convert;
Or that blackfriers we heare which in this age
Fell when it was a church, not when a stage,
Or that the * Presbiters that once dwelt there,
Prayed and thriv'd though the playhouse were so near.
Yet this we dare affirme there is more gain
In seeing men act vice then vertue faine;
And he less tempts a danger that delights
In profest players then close Hypocrites,
Can there no favour to the scane be shewn
Because Jack Fletcher was a Bishops son,
Or since that order is condemn'd doe you
Think poets therefore Antichristian too;
Is it unlawfull since the stage is down
To make the press act: where no ladies smonne
At the red coates intrusion: none are strip't;
No Hystriomastix has the copy whip't
No man d'on Womens cloth's: the guiltles presse
Weares its own innocent garments: its own dresse,
Such as free nature made it: Let it come
Forth Midwife Goughe, securely, and if some
Like not the make or beantie of the play
Bear witnes to 't and confidently say
Such a reliet as once the stage did give
Ingenuous Reader, merits to be known.

* In the origi
nall it is Pur
ta is.

Persons of the P L A Y.

Queen of Arragon.

Petruchi, a Young Lord.

Bufo, a Captain.

Pynto, an Astronomer.

Muretto.

Velasco, Queens General.

Lodovico, his friend.

Alphonso, afterwards King.

Collumello,

Connseillers to the Queen.

Almado,

Herophil, her Woman.

Salassa, widow, Mistriss to Velasco.

Shaparoon, her friend.

Mopas, Velasco's man.

Hangman.

Messenger.

Groom.


Officers.



The Queen.

ACTUS PRIMUS.

Enter *Petruchi* with *Bufo*, *Pynto* and *Muretto*, in poor habits.

Petr.  LL free, and all forgiven.

Omnes. Bless her Majesty.

Petr. Henceforth (my friends) take heed how you so hazard Your lives and fortunes on the peevish motion

Of every discontent, you will not finde Mercy so rise at all times.

Muret. Gracious Sir! Your counsel is more like an Oracle, Then mans advice, for my part I dare speak

For one, I rather will be rackt asunder. Then e're again offend so wise a Majesty.

Petr. 'Tis well, your lives are once more made your own; I must attend the execution Of your hot General, each shift now for your selves.

Exit Petruchi.

Buf. Is he gone, ha, ha, ha!

We have the common Capony of the cleer heavens

Once more o're our heads, Sirs.

Muret. We are at liberty out of the Hangmans clutches, Now, mark, what good language and fair words

Will do, Gentlemen.

Pyn. Good language! O, let me go back and be hang'd, rather then live within the rotten infection of thy Cankred breath; the poyson of a flatterers tongue is a thousand times more deadly, then the twinges of a rope; Thou birth of an unlucky Planet: I abhor thee.

Muret. Fy, fy! Can you rail on your friends thus.

Pyn. Friends, my friend! Captain, come from that slippery Ele, Captain.

His very cradle was in dirt and mud; His milk the oyl of serpents; his mother a mangy Mermaid, and a male Crocodile begat him.

Muret. This needs not sweet, Signior *Pynto*.

The QUEEN,

Pyn. Sweet Signior ? Sweet Cog a foyst, go hang thy self, thou'dst jeer the very rags I wear off my back with thy fustians of sweet, precious, unmatched, rare, wise, judicious, hey do ! Pox on thee ; Sirrah, Sirrah, Hast not thou many a time and often devoured a whole table of mine, garnisht with plenty, nay, variety of good wholesome fare, under the colour of telling news with a roughy complement ?

Muret. Good fare of thine !

Buf. Nay, dear Gentlemen.

Pyn. Mine ! I mine, Sycophant, I (dost mark me) to supply thy totters, paund a whole study of Ephemerides, so rich, that they might have set up a Corporation of Almanack makers; and what had I in return ? But protestations, (heardest thou this maunderer) that I was, for learning, the soundest ; for bounty, the royallest ; for discourse, the sententious ; for behaviour, the absolute ; for all endowments of minde and body, the most accomplit that nature ever call'd her workmanship : but thou dog, thou scoundrel, my beggery was the fruits of thy flattery. Stand off, Rascal, off.

Buf. This is excellent faith ;

Muret. How, how ! I flatter ye ? What thee, thee ? A poor lousy uncloakt imposter, a deceitful, couzening, cheating, dull decoying fortune teller ; Thou pawn books ; thou, patcht out of an old shepherds Calender, that discoursed in time of the change of the weather.

And whose were thy Ephemerides ? Why ; Impudence ; wert thou ever worth *Erra Pater's* Prognostication ? Thou learned ! In what ? By filching, stealing, borrowing, eating, collecting, and counting with as weather-wise Ideots as thy self ; once in twelve moneths thou wert indeed delivered, (like a big bellied wife) of a two penny Almanack, at *Easter*. A Hospital boy in a blew coat shall transcribe as much in six hours to serve all the year.

Thou a table of meat ; yes, Astronomers fare, air ; or at a feast upon high holy dayes, three red Sprats in a dish ; that was held gultony too.

I flatter thee ? Thou learned ?

Pyn. Rascal, Cannibal that feedest upon mans flesh.

Buf. Nay, pray, pray heartily Gentlemen ; in good earnest, and as I live, and by this hand now --

Muret. Right thou putst me in minde what I should call thee ; Who was't the cause of all the late insurrection for which we were all like to be hang'd, and our brave General *Alphonso* is this day to suffer for ; who but thou, forsooth ; the influences of the Stars, the conjunction of the Planers, the prediction of the celestial bodies were peremptory, that if a' would but attempt a civil commotion, a' should (I marry should a') be strait crown'd present King of *Arragon*. Now your Gipsonly may i'th moon, your divination hath fairly mounted him ; poor Gentleman, he's sure to leave his head in pawn for giving credit to thy prognosticating ignorance.

Pyn. I scorn thee, Parasite.

Muret. You are a stinking starv'd-gut star-gazer. Is that flattery or no.

Buf. 'S foor, What do you mean, Signior *Pynto*, Signior *Muretto* ?

Pyn. I will be reveng'd, and watch my time, Sirrah.

Muret. Do.

Buf. This is strange my Masters, to be so neer the place of execution and prattle so loud ; Come, Signior *Pynto*, indeed la you shall shake hands.

Pyn. Let me alone, y'are a foolish Captain. *Muretto*, I will display thee for a --

Muret. Hang thy self, I care not for thee this.

Buf. Foolish Captain, foolish Captain, heark ye, *Pynto*, there's no such good meaning in that word.

Pyn. A Parrat can eccho, talk to Schollers so.

Muret. A proper Scholler, stitche up of waste paper.

Buf. Sneaks, if I be a fool, I'll bang out the wits of some of your nodles, or dry bastinado your sides.

Ye Dogrel, inaungy scabbed owla-glasses, I'll

or the Excellency of her S E X.

I'll mawle yee, so I will.

Muret. Captain, sweet Captain, nay, look, now will you put your discretion to coxcombs?

Buf. Yes, the proudest coxcombs of 'em all, if I be provok'd; foolish, flesh and blood cannot endure.

Muret. So, goodman sky walker, you have made a trim hand on't, to chase your self into a throat cutting.

Buf. I will shred you both so small, that a very botcher shall shred Spanish needles, with every fillet of your itchy flesh; call me foolish, ye whelps-moyles; my father was a Corn-cutter, and my mother a muscle woman, 'tis known what I am, and I'll make you know what I am, If my choler be raised but one inch higher.

Pyn. Well, I see *Mars* and *Saturn*, were thy Planets.

Thou art a valiant souldier, and there's no dealing with ye. For the Captains sake, I will abate my indignation, *Muretto.* But--

Buf. But i'thy face, I'll have no buts, S' bores, the black-guard is more honorably futed then any of us three. Foolish, foolish, will never out of my head whilst I live.

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

Muret. Long life, eternal prosperity, the blessing o'th heavens, and honors of the Earth, crown the glorious merits of the incomparable, Captain Don *Velasco.*

Pyn. The Chime goes again, Captain.

Velas. Who are these poor Creatures, *Lodovico.*

Lodov. My Lord, I know them now, they are some of the late mutineers, whom you (when you took *Alphonso* prisoner) presented to the rigor of the Law, but since they are by the Queen's pardon set at liberty.

Velas. I should know yonder fellow.

Your name is *Bufo*, if I mistake not.

Buf. My name is my own name, Sir, and *Bufo* is my name, Sir; if any man shall deny't, I dare challenge him in de-

fence of my Godfathers that gave me that name, Sir; and what say you to that, Sir?

Muret. A shallow, unbrain'd, weak, foolish fellow; and so forth: Your lordship understands me;

But for our parts my good Lord--

Velas. Well, Gentlemen, I cannot tell you now,

That any poor endeavours of mine own Can work *Alphonso's* peace, yet I have spoke

And kneell'd and sued for his reprieve.

The Queen

Hath heard, but will not grant; This is the day,

And this the time, and place, where he must render

The forfeit of his life unto the Law. I onely can be sorry.

Enter Petruchi, after the hangman bearing the axe before Alphonso, with Officers.

Petr. *Alphonso*, here's the place, and this the hour;

Your doom is past, and now the sword of Law

Must cut the vein that swell'd with such a frensy

Of dangerous blood against your Queen and Country.

Prepare your self, 'tis now too late to hope.

Alph. *Petruchi*, what is done I did, my ground

Was pity of my country, not malice to't.

I sought to free wrack'd *Arragon* from ruin,

Which a fond womans government must bring.

O had you and the nobles of this land, A touch but of the miseries, her weak-

ness

Must force ye of necessity to feel; You would with me have bent your na-

ked swords

Against this female Mistress of the Crown,

And not have been such children to have fawn'd

The QUEEN,

Upon a girls nodd.

Petr. You are distracted ;
She is our lawful Sovereign, we her
Subjects.

Alph. Subjects, *Petruchi*, abjects, and
so live ;

I come to die, on to the execution.

Pyn. Here's a high Saturnal spirit,
Captain.

Buf. Pox o' spirits when they mount
a man to the Hangmans mercy, I do not
like such spirits,
Let me rather be a moon calf.

Velas. I come to bid farewell, and in
farewel,

To excuse my much ill fortune, for be-
leeve, Sir,

I hold my victory an overthrow.

To tell you how incessantly I ply'd
Her Grace, for your remission, were as
useless

As was my suit, I sorry for your youth.

Let's part yet reconcil'd.

Alph. With all my heart ;

It is my glory, that I was reduc'd

By the best man at arms, that ever

knighthoods

Hath stil'd a Souldier-- Alas ! What

souls are those ?

Now, now, in seeing them I die too late.

Buf. O brave General, O noble Gene-
ral, we are still the rags of the old Re-
giment. The truth on't is, we were loth
to leave thee, till thy head and shoul-
ders parted companies. But sweet good
dear General take courage, what, we
are all mortal men, and must every one
pass this way, as simple as we stand
here.

Alph. Give me thy hand, farewell ; the
Queen is merciful in sparing you ; I have
not ought to give thee but my last
thanks.

Buf. Blit o' giving, our clothes are
paid for, and

A day will come shall quit us all.

Alph. Art thou, and thou there too ;
well, leave thy art,

And do not trust the fixions of the stars,
They spoke no truth by me : My Lord

Velasco,

That creature, there, *Muretto*, is a man

Of honest heart, for my sake take him to
you :

And now soft, peace to all.

Pyn. I will burn my books, forswear
the liberal sciences, and that is my reso-
lution.

Buf. Go thy way for the arrantest
General, that ever led crew of brave
Sketdreus.

Petr. Will you make ready, Sir.

Alph. *Petruchi*, yes, I have a debt to
pay, 'tis natures due.

Fellow before thou ask my pardon, take
it ;

Be sure and speedy in thy fatal blow.

Hangm. Never fear clean shaving, Sir.

Alph. May I have leave to meditate ?

Petr. You may.

Lodov. A gallant resolution, even in
death.

Enter Queen, Collummello, Almada,

Herophil, and attendants.

Col. Stay execution 'tis her Highnes

pleasure ;

Alphonso rise ye, and behold the Queen.

Alph. Beshrew the voice of Majesty,

my thoughts.

Were fixt upon an upper Region now,

And traffick not with Earth ; alas great

woman,

What newer tyranny, what doom, what

torments

Are borrowed from the conclave of that

hell,

Where legions of worse Devils, then are

in hell

Keep revels ; a proud womans heart.

What plagues

Are broacht from thence to kill me ?

Pyn. The moon is now Lady

of the ascendant, and the man

will dye raving.

Alm. *Fy, Alphonso,*

Will you commit another strange com-

motion

with your unruly tongue. And what

you cannot

Perform in act, attempt to do in words ?

A dying man be so uncharitable.

Alph. Cry mercy, she is Queen of *Ar-*

ragon, And

or the Excellency of her S E X.

And would with her own eyes (instead
of masks
And courtly sports) behold an act of
death.

Queen, welcom, Queen, here quaff my
blood like wine ;
And live a brave she tyrant.

Qu. Alas, poor man.

Alph. Poor man, that looks on me, de-
lighted to destroy me.

Baf. Good boy i faith, by this hand a
speaks just as I would do, for all that he
is so near being made puddings meat.

Qu. You are sorry
For your late desperate rudeness, Are
you not?

Alph. By all my miseries these taunts
are cruelty.
Worse then the Hangmans ax, I am not
sorry,
Nay more, will not be sorry, know from
me

I hate your sex in general, not you
As y'are a Queen, but as y'are a woman :
Had I a term of life could last for ever,
And you could grant it, yes, and would,
yet all
Or more should never reconcile my
heart

To any she alive -- are ye resolved?

Qu. His spirit flies out in his daring
language.

Alphonso though the law require thy
head,
Yet I have mercy where I see just cause :
You'll be a new man?

Alph. Oh ! A womans tongue
Is sharper then a pointed steel; Tender,
Madam,
I kiss your Royal hand, and call you
fair,
Assure this noble, this uncovered pre-
sence,
That richest vertue is your bosoms te-
nant,

That you are absolutely great and good;
I'll flatter all the vices of your sex,
Protesting men are monsters, women
Angels,
No light ones, but full weighty, natures
best,
I'll proclaim lust a pitty, pride a hand-
somness.

Deceit ripness of wit, bold scandalous
scolding,

A bravery of spirit; bloody cruelty,
Masculine justice; more I will maintain
That Queens are chief for rule, you
chief of Queens,

If you'l but give me leave to die in
peace.

Pray give me leave to die. Pray good
now do,

What think ye, 'tis a Royal grant; hence-
forth.

Heaven be the rest you chose, but never
come at.

A kinde farewell to all.

Col. Can you endure
To let a Rebel prate? off with his head,
And let him then dispute.

Petr. I should have us'd
The priviledge of time, had I known
this.

You must not talk so loud.

Qu. My Lords, a word :
What if we pardoned him, I think the
nearness of his arrival to the stroke of
death,

Will ever be a warning to his Loyalty.

Alm. How pardon him! What means
your Majesty?

What can you hope from one so wholly
drown'd

In melancholy and sowre discontent ;
That should he share the Crown, a
would imploy

On none but Apes and Flatterers.

Velas. Spare, my Lord
Such liberal censure, rather reyn the
fury

Of Justice, then so spur it on. Great
Mistis,

I will not plead my services, but urge
The glories you may challenge by your
mercy.

It will be a most sweet becoming act
To set you in the Chronicles of memory.

Qu. *Velasco*, thou art not more brave
in arms

To conquer with thy valour, then thy
courtesie.

Alphonso, take thy life, who took thee
prisoner,

Is now become thy spokesman.

The QUEEN,

Alph. Phew, mock not Calamity so grossly.

Velas. You are too desperate: The Queen hath freely pardoned you.

Qu. And more to purchase kinde opinion of thy Sex, our self will lend our help. Lords, all your hands.

Loxov. But is the Queen in earnest?

Velas. It becomes her; Mercy is God like.

Qu. Officers be gone. *Exit Officers*
Such objects for a Royal presence are Unfit, here kiss our hand, we dare conceive

That 'twas thy hight of youth, not hate of us

Drew thee to those attempts, and both we pardon.

Muret. Do not the stars run a wrong byas now, Signior *Pynto*?

Pyn. *Venus* is Lady of the Ascendant, man. I knew if once he pass the fatal hour, the influence would work another way.

Muret. Very likely, your reasons are infallible.

Qu. What can our favours challenge.

Alph. More true service, True faith, true Love, then I have words to utter.

Qu. Which we accept, lead on; here ends this strife,

When Law craves justice, mercy should grant life.

Exit all but Pynto and his fellows.

Pyn. Go thy waies for a sure sound brain'd piece whilst thou livest; *Pynto*, say I, now, now, now, am I an afs, now my Masters, hang your selves, 'S foot, I'll stand to't; that man whoever he be, (better or worse, all's one) who is not star wise, is natures fool; your Astonomer hath the heavens, the whole globe of the earth, and the vast gulf of the Sea it self, for his proper kingdom, his fee simple, his own inheritance, who looks any higher then the top of a steeple, or a may-pool, is worthy to die in a ditch. But to know the conjunctions of the Planets, the influences of the celestial body, the harmony of the spheares, frost and snow, hail and tem-

pests, rain and sun-shine, nay, life and death; here's cunning, to be deep in speculation, to be groping the secrets of nature.

Muret. O, Sir, there, there, there.

Pyn. Let me alone, I say it my self, I know I am a rare fellow; why, look, look ye, we are all made, or let me be stew'd in Star-shut; pish, I am confident, and we shall all mount, beleeve it.

Buf. Shall we, nay, then I am resolv'd.

Muret. Frier Bacon was but a brazen head, in comparison of him.

Buf. But why should you not have said so much before, goodman Jolthead?

Muret. Nay, look ye, Captain, there's a time for all things.

Buf. For all this, what will become of us; is the sign lucky to venture the begging of a cast sute? Let me be resolved of that once.

Muret. 'Twas wisely urg'd, Captain.

Pyn. Mans richest ornament is his nakedness, Gentlemen, variety of cloathing is the surquedry of fools; wise men have their proper solace in the linings of their mindes; as for fashions, 'tis a disease for a horse.

Muret. Never richer stuff came from man.

Buf. 'Zookes, 'tis a scurvy, a pocky, and a naked answer; a plague of all your sentences, whilst I am like to starve with hunger and cold.

Enter Messenger.

Mes. By your leave, Gentlemen, the Lord *Alphonso* hath sent you this purse of gold, commands ye to put your selves into costly sutes, and repair to Court;

All. How! To Court!

Mes. Where you may happily see him Crowned King, for that's the common report; I was charg'd to urge you to be very speedy: farewell, Gentlemen.

Exit.

Pyn. What think ye now, my hearts of gold?

Muret. Hearts of gold indeed now, Signior.

Pyn.

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Pyn. Pish, I am a coxcomb, I ; Oh, the divinity of--

Buf. Bawll no more the weather's cold, I must have utensicles, follow your leader, ho. *Exit all.*

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

Velas. Prethee perswade me not.

Lodov. You'll loose your honor.

Velas. Ide rather loose my honor then my faith :

O, *Lodovico*, thou art witness with me, that I have sworn, and pledg'd my heart, my truth to her deserving memory, whose beauty, is through the world unfellowed.

Lodov. Here the wisdom of sword men, They deal all by strength not policy. What exercise shall be fain'd, let me know that ?

Velas. Excuse, why, *Lodovico*, I am sick, And I am sick indeed, sick to the soul.

Lodov. For a decay'd tilter, or a known Coward, this were tollerable now : But to the business ; I have solicited your widow.

Velas. Will she nor speak with me ?

Lodov. Young widows, and grave old Ones two, by your leave care not so much for talking ; if you come once to them you must do, and do, and do again, Again, and again, all's two little, you'll finde it.

Velas. Come, friend, you mock my miseries.

Lodov. It's a fine laughing matter when the best and most approved souldier of the world, should be so heart-sick for love of a placket. Well I have sent your wise servant (for fools are best to be trusted in womens things) to my couzen *Shaparon*, and by him your second letter, you shall shortly hear what news : My couzen is excellently traded in these mortal businesses of flesh and blood, and will hardly come of with two denials.

Velas. If she prevail, *Lodovico*—

Lodov. What then ? Ply your occupation when you come to't, 'tis a fit season of the year, women are hony moon if a man could jump with them at the

instant, and prick 'em in the right vain ; else this Queen would never have sav'd a Traytor from the block, and suddenly made him her King and Husband. But no more of that, there's danger in't ; Yare sick you say ?

Velas. Pierc't through with fiery darts, much worse then death.

Lodov. Why your onely present remedy is, then as soon as you can, to quench those fires in the warry Channels of qualification : soft, no more words, behold a prodegy.

Florish.

Enter Colonnello, Almada bare, Alphonso and the Queen Crowned, Hero-phili, Petruchi with a Guard, the King and Queen take their States.

All. Long live *Alphonso* King of Aragon.

Alph. Then we are Sovereign.

Qu. As free, as I by birth : I yeeld to you (my Lord) my Crown, my Heart,

My People, my Obedience ; In exchange What I demand is Love.

Alph. You cannot miss it ; There is but one thing that all humane power Or malice of the Devil could set a broach,

To work on for a breach 'twixt you and me.

Qu. One thing ! Why, is there one thing then, my Lord ?

Alph. Yes, and 'tis onely this ; yare still a woman.

Qu. A woman ! Said you to, sir.

Alph. I confess You have deserved more service, more regard

From me, in my particular, then life Can thank you for ; and that you may conceive My fair acknowledgment ; although 'tis true,

I might command ; yet I will make a suit, An earnest suit &c.

The QUEEN,

Qu. It must then be granted.

Alph. That to redeem a while some serious thoughts
Which have misdeem'd your sex. You'll be content
To be a married Batchelor one fennight.
You cannot but conceive.

Col. How's this?

Petr. Fine work.

Qu. Alas my Lord, this needs no publick mention.

Alph. Nay, Madam, hear me, That our
our Courts be kept
Under a several roof; that you and I
May not for such a short time, come together.

Qu. I understand you not.

Alph. Your patience, Madam,
You interrupt me, That no message pass
Of commendation, questioning our
healths,
Our sleeps, our actions, or what else belongs
To common-curtisie, 'twixt friend, and
friend.
You must be pleas'd to grant it, I'll have
it so.

Qu. No message of commends!

Alph. Phew, you demur;
It argues your distrust.

Qu. I am content.
The King should be obeyed. Pray heaven
all be well.

Alph. *Velasco*, thou wer't he didst conquer me,
Didst take me prisoner? wer't in that the
means
To raise me up thus high. I thank thee
for't;
I thought to honour thee in a defence
Of the Queens beauty; but wee'l now
defer'r.

Yet hand your mistress, lead her to the
Court,
We and our Lords will follow, there
wee'l part;

A seven dayes absence cannot seem but
short.

Ex. all.

A& I I.

Enter Shaparoon and Mopar.

Shap. And as I said (nay pray my
friend be covered) the business hath
been soundly followed on my part.
Yet again, in good sooth, I cannot abide
you should stand bare before me to so
little purpose.

Mop. Manners is a Jewel (Madam) and
as for standing bare, I know there is some
difference, the putting down of a mans
cap, and the putting down of his breeches
before a reverend gentlewoman.

Shap. You speak very properly, there
is a great deal of difference indeed. But
to come to the point; Fy, what a stir
I had to make her to receive the letter,
and when she had received it, to open it,
and then to read it; nay, to read it again
and again; that as I am a very woman,
a man might have wrong my smock
dropping wet, with the pure sweat that
came from my body. Friend, I took such
pains with her. Oh my conscience, to
bear a child at those years would not
trouble me half so much as the delivery
of that letter did.

Mop. A man-child of my age perhaps,
Madam, would not.

Shap. Yet that were a sore burthen
for one that is not us'd to't, I may tell
you. O these coy girls are such wild
cattel to have dealing with.

Mop. What ancient Madams cannot
do one way, let them do another; she's
a rank Jade that being past the breeder,
cannot kick up her heels, wince, and
cry wee-hee: good examples cannot
chuse from ones elders, but work much
to the purpose, being well ply'd, and in
season.

Shap. In season? True, that's a chief
thing; yes, I'll assure you my friend, I
am but entring into eight and twenty.

Mop. Wants somewhat of that too, I
take it; I warrant ye your mark ap-

pears

or the Excellency of her S E X.

pears yet to be seen for proof of your age, as plain as when you were but fifteen.

Shap. Truly, if it were well searcht, I think it does.

Your name is *Mopas*, you told me?

Mop. *Mopas* my name is, and yours Madam *Shaparoon* I was told.

Shap. A right Madam born I can assure ye.

Mop. Your Ancestors will speak that, for the *Shaparoons* have ever took place of the best French-hoods in the parish; ever since the first addition.

Shap. All this with a great deal of modesty I must confess. Ud's Pittikins, stand by, aside a little: see where the lady coms, do not appear before you are call'd, in any case: but mark how I will work her like wax.

Enter Salassa reading a letter.

Salas. Your servant in all commands *Velasco*. So, and I am resolved to put ye to the test, servant, for your free fools heart, e're I give you the flip, I warrant ye.

Shap. Your ladyship hath considered the premises e're this time, at full, I hope.

Salas. O, *Shaparoon*, you keep true sentinel, what? I must give certain answer; must I not?

Shap. Nay, Madam, you may chuse, 'tis all in your Ladyships discreet consideration. The sum of all is, that if you shew him not some favour, he is no long lives man.

Salas. Very well; how long have you been a factress for such Merchants, *Shaparoon*.

Shap. O my Religion! I a factress? I am even well enough serv'd for my good will; and this is my requital. Factress, quoth you?

Salas. Come, your intercession shall prevail, which is his letter carrier?

Mop. At your ladyships service.

Salas. Your Lord *Velasco* sent you?

Mop. Most true, sweet madam.

Salas. What place hold you about him?

Mop. I am his Drugster, Madam.

Salas. What Sir?

Mop. Being hard bound with melancholy, I give him a purge, with two or three soluble stools of laughter.

Salas. Belike you are his fool, or his jester.

Mop. Jester if you please, but not fool, Madam; for bables belong to fools, and they are then onely fit for ladies secrecies, not for Lords.

Salas. But is he indeed sick of late?

Shap. Alas good heart, I suffer for him.

Enter Lodovico.

Lodov. By your leave lady, without ceremony, you know me, and may guess my errand.

Salas. Yet more trouble, nay, then I shall be hail-shor.

Lodov. To be brief. By the honors of a good name, you are a dry-skinn'd widow, and did not my hast concern the life of the noblest Gentleman in Europe, I would as much scorn employments of this nature to you, as I do a proud woman of your condition.

Mop. I marry here's one will thunder her widow-head into flitters: stand to't, Signior, I am your second.

Salas. Sir y'are uncivil to exclaim against a lady in her own house.

Lodov. A lady, yet a paraquitto, poppingjay, your whole worth lies in your gay out side, and your squawling tongue.

A Wagtail is a glorious fowl in respect of many of ye.

Though most of ye are in nature as very fowl as wagtayles.

Salas. Are such as you the Lord *Velasco*'s agents in his hot affection?

Shap. Sweet cousen, *Lodovico*, pray now, the lady is most verruoussly resolved.

Mop. Hearn ye middle-ag'd countess, do not take anothers tale into your mouth, I have occasion to use you in private, and can finde you work enough my self, a word in your ear.

Salas. I protest, I meant more noble
C answer

The QUEEN,

answer for his satisfaction, then ever your railing language shall force from me.

Lodov. Were I the man that doated on you, I would take a shorter course with you, then to come humbly whining to your sweet--pox of all such ridiculous foppery--I would--

Salas. Weep your self to death, and be chronicled among the regiment of kinde tender hearted souls.

Lodov. Indeed, forsooth, I would not; what, for a widdow one that hath jump't the old moyles trot, so oft, that the sciatica founders her yet in both her thighs.

Salas. You abuse me grossly.

Lodov. One that hath been so often drunk with satiery of pleasure, that fourteen husbands are but as half a draught to quench her thirst in an afternoon.

Salas. I will no longer endure ye.

Lodov. For you, you? That are neither noble, wise, rich, fair, nor well-favoured. For you?

Mop. You are all these, if you can keep your own counsel and let no body know, Mistris Madam.

Shap. Nay I am so perswaded, and assure your self no body shall know.

Lodov. Yet forsooth, must you be the onely precious piece the Lord Velasco must adore, must dye for. But I vow, if he do miscarry, (as I fear he cannot recover.)

Salas. Goodness forbid, Alas! Is he sick, sir?

Lodov. Excellent dissimulation! Yes sure, he is sick, and an everlasting silence strike you dumb that are the cause on't. But, as I said, if he do go the wrong way, as I love vertue, your ladieship shall be ballared through all Christendom, and sung to sciroy tunes, and your picture drawn over every ballad, sucking of rotten eggs among wheafels.

Salas. Pray give me leave; Is Lord Velasco sick? And lies there ought in me to comfort, or recover him?

Lodov. Marry does there, the more Infidel he: And what of all this now?

Salas. What would you have me do?

Lodov. Wonders, either go and visit him, or admit him to visit you; these are mighty favours are they not?

Salas. Why, good Sir, I will grant the later willingly; he shall be kindly welcom.

Lodov. And laught at while he is here: shall a not?

Salas. What would you have me say? My best entertainment shall be open to him; I will discourse to him freely, if he requires it privately: I will be all what in honour I should.

Lodov. Certifie him so much by letter.

Salas. That cannot stand with my modesty, my word and truth shall be my gage.

Lodov. Enough, do this, and by this hand I'll ask you pardon for my rudeness, and ever heartily honour you.

Map. I shall hear from you when my leasures serves.

Shap. Most assuredly. Good destines speed your journey.

Mop. All happiness ride ever before you, your disgraces behinde you, and and full pleasure in the midst of ye.

Exeunt.

Enter Buso in fresh apparel, ushering Herophil.

Her. My over kinde, Captain, what would you say?

Bus. Why, Mistris, I would say, as a man might say forsooth, indeed I would say.

Her. What, Captain?

Bus. Even whatsoever you would have me to say, forsooth.

Her. If that be all, pray say nothing.

Bus. Why look ye, Mistris, all what I say if you mark it well, is just nothing; As for example, To tell you that you are fair, is nothing, for you know it your self; to say you were honest, were an indignity to your beauty, and upon the matter nothing, for honesty in a fair woman is as good as nothing.

Her. That is somewhat strange to be proved.

Bus. To a good wit, dear Mistris, nothing's impossible.

or the Excellency of her SEX.

Her. Sure the Court and your new clothes have infected you: Would I were a purse of gold, for your sake, Captain, to reward your wit.

Buf. I would you were, mistress, so you were not counterfeit metal, I should soon try you on the too true touchstone of my affections, indeed forsooth.

Her. Well, witty Captain, for your love I must pass away in debt, but will not fail to think on't. But now I am in haste.

Buf. If you would but grant me but one poor request, before you go, I should soon dispatch and part.

Her. Name it, Captain.

Buf. Truly, and as I live, 'tis a very small trifle for your part, all things considered.

Her. But cannot you tell what it is?

Buf. That were a fine jest indeed, why, I would desire, intreat, and beseech you.

Her. What to do?

Buf. There you have it, and thank you too.

Her. I understand you not.

Buf. Why, To do with you, forsooth, to do with you.

Her. To do what?

Buf. In plain words, I would commit with you, or as the more learned phrate it, if you be pleased to consent, I would ravish you.

Her. Fy, fy, Captain, so uncivil, you made me blush.

Buf. Do I say; why, I am glad I have it for you: Souldiers are hot upon service, mistress, and a wise mans bolt is soon shot; as the proverb says:

Her. Good Captain, keep up your bolt till I am at leasure to stand fair for your mark. If the Court Stalions prove all so rank, I will vow all to ride henceforth upon an ass; so, Captain, I must leave you. *Exit Herophil.*

Buf. Fare-wel heartily to you forsooth.

Go thy waies for as true a Mistress as ever fowled clean Napary. This same whorson Court diet, cost, lodging, change of

clothes, and ease, have addicted me villanously to the itch of concupiscence.

Enter Alphonso; Pynto and Mureto complementing on either side of him.

Alph. They all shall not intreat me.

Muret. Your Majesty were no King, if your own will were not your own law.

Pyn. Always, my Lord, observing the domination of the Planets: As if *Mars* and *Venus* being in conjunction, and their influence working upon your frailty; then in any case you must not resist the motion of the celestial bodies.

Muret. All which (most gracious Sovereign) this most famous Scoller will at a minute foretel.

Buf. All hail to the King himself, my very good Liege, Lord, and most gracious benefactor.

Alph. What need I other counsellors then these.

Shall I be forc't to be a womans slave? That may live free, and hate their fickle sex.

Muret. O 'tis a glorious vertue in so magnificent a Prince to abstain from the sensual surfets of fleshly and wanton appetites.

Alph. I finde the inclination of such follies.

Why, what are women?

Buf. Very pleasant pretty necessary toys, an't please your Majesty; I my self could pass the time with them, as occasion might serve, eight and forty hours out right, one to one alwaies provided.

Pyn. Yet of all the seven planets, there are but two women among them, and one of them two is chaste, which is as good as if shee were a boy.

Muret. That is not to be questioned; the best of women are but troubles and vexations, tis man that retains all true perfection, and of all men your Majesty.

Enter Almada and Collummello.

Alph. Ye are too rude to enter on our privacies,

The QUEEN,

Without our license, speak, your business Lords.

Alm. We came from your most virtuous Queen.

Alph. No more.

Col. A month is well nigh past, and yet you slack
Your love to her: What mean you, sir, so strangely
To slight a wife whose griefs grow now too high,

For womanhood to suffer.

Alm. Is't your pleasure To admit her to your bosom?

Alph. Y'are too sawcy.
Return, and quickly too, and tell her thus;

If she intend to keep her in our favour,
Let us not see her.

Col. Say you so, Great Sir,
You speak it but for tryal

All. Ha, ha, ha.

Col. O, Sir, remember what you are,
and let not
The insinuations of these servile creatures,
Made onely men by you, sooth and trade
Your safety to a known and willful danger.

Fix in your thoughts the ruine you have
scap't;

Who freed you; who hath rais'd you to
this height,

And you will then awake your judgments eye:

The Commons murmur, and the streets
are fill'd

With busie whispers: Yet in time recal
Your violence.

Alph. As I am King, the tongue
Forfeits his head that speaks another
word.

Muretto, Talk we not now like a King?

Muret. Like one that hath the whole
World for his proper Monarchy, and it
becomes you Royally.

Enter Queen, Petrucci, and Herophil.

Buf. The Queen, and my Mistress; O
brave, we shall have some doings hard
to hand now, I hope.

Alph. What means the woman? Ha!
Is this the duty

Of a good wife, we sent not for you, did
we?

Qu. The more my duty that I came
unsent for;

Wherein my gracious Lord have I of-
fended?

Wherein have I transgressed against thy
laws

O sacred Marriage? To be sequestred
In the first spring and April of my joys

From you, much dearer to me, then my
life?

By all the honour of a spotless bed,
Shew me my fault, and I will turn away,
And be my own swift executioner.

Alph. I take that word. Know then
you married me

Against my will, and that's your fault.

Qu. Alas! Against your will? I dare
not contradict

What you are pleased to urge. But by
the love

I bare the King of Arragon, (an oath
As great as I can swear by) I conceiv'd

Your words to be true speakers of your
heart,

And I am sure they were; you swore
they were.

How should I but believe, that lov'd so
dearly?

Alph. Come then you are a trifler, for
by this

I know you love me not.

Qu. Is that your fear?
Why la now, Lords, I told you that the
King

Made our division but a proof of faith.
Kinde husband, now I'm bold to call

you so;

Was this your cunning to be jealous of
me

So soon? We women are fine fools
To search mens pretty subtilties.

Muret. You'll scarce finde it so. *Aside.*
Alph. She would perswade mee
strangely.

Qu. Prethee, Sweet heart,
Force not thy self to look so sadly; troth
It sutes not with thy love, 'tis well, Was

this

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Your fennights respite? Yet, as I am a
Queen,

I fear'd you had been in earnest.

Alph. Earnest: Hence

Monstrous enchantress, by the death I
owe

To Nature, thou appear'st to me in this
More impudent then impudence, the
tyde

Of thy luxurious blood is at the full;
And cause thy raging plurisie of lust
Cannot be sated by our royal warmth,
Thou tri'st all cunning petulent charms
to raise

A wanton devill up in our chaste brest.
But we are Canon-proof against the shot
Of all thy arts.

Qu. Was't you spoke that, my Lord?

Pyn. Phaeton is just over the orb of
the moon, his horses are got loose, and
the heavens begin to grow into a com-
bustion.

Alph. I'll sooner dig a dungeon in a
mole-hill,

And hide my crown there, that both
fools and children

May trample o're my Royalty, then ever
Lay it beneath an antick womans feet.

Couldst thou transhape thy self into a
man,

And with it be more excellent then man
Can be; yet since thou wer't a woman
once,

I would renounce thee.

Petr. Let the King remember
It is the Queen he speaks too.

Alph. Pish, I know

She would be well contented but to
live

Within my presence; not for love to me,
But that she might with safety of her
honour,

Mix with some hot vein'd letcher, whose
prone lust

Should feed the rank impostume of de-
sires,

And get a race of bastards, to whose
birth

I should be thought the Dad. But thou,
thou woman,

E're I will be the cloak to thy false play,
I'll couple with a witch, a hag; for if

Thou canst live chaste, live by thy sel-
like me.

Or if thou wouldst perswade me that
thou lov'st me,

See me no more, never. From this time
forth

I hate thy sex; of all thy sex, thee worst.

Exit Alphonso, Bufo, Pyno.

Alm. Madam, dear Madam, yet
Take comfort, time will work all for the
best

Qu. Where must I go?

Col. Y're in your own Kingdom, 'tis
your birth-right,

We all your Subjects; not a man of us,
But to the utmost of his life, will right
Your wrongs against this most unthank-
ful King.

Qu. Away, ye are all Traytors to pro-
fane

His sacred merits with your bitter terms.
Why, am I not his Wife? A wife must
bear

Withal what likes her Lord t' upbraid
her with,

And yet 'tis no injustice. What was't
he said?

That I no more should see him, never,
never.

There I am quite divorst from all my
joys,

From all my paradise of life. Not see
him?

'Twas too unkind a task. But he com-
manded

I cannot but obey. Where's *Herophil*?

Her. Here Madam.

Qu. Go hang my Chamber all with
mourning black;

Seal up my windows, let no light survey,
The subtle tapers that must eye my
griefs.

Get from me Lords, I will defie ye all,
Y're men, and men (O me) are all un-
kinde.

Come hither *Herophil*; spread all my
robes,

My jewels and apparel on the floor,
And for a Crown get me a Willow
wreath:

No, no, that's not my colour, buy me a
veil

The QUEEN,

Ingrain'd in tawny. Alas, I am forsaken,
And none can pity me.

Petr. By all the faith
I owe to you my sovereign, if you please
To enjoy me any service, I will prove
Most ready and most true,

Qu. Why should the King
Despise me? I did never cross his will,
Never gain'd his, yea; yet sure I fear
He hath some ground for his displeasure.

Her. None,
Unless because you sav'd him from the
block.

Qu. Art thou a prattler too? Peace,
Herophil,
Tempt not a desperate woman. No man
here

Dares do my last commends to him.

Muret. If your excellent Majesty
please to repose confidence in me; I will
not only deliver him your commendations,
but think my self highly dishonored,
if he return not his back to you by
letter.

Petr. Off beast, made all of baseness,
do not grieve
Calamity, or as I am a knight,
I'll cut thy tongue out.

Muret. Sweet Signior, I protest--
Exit Muretto.

Petr. Madam, believe him not, he is a
Parasite;

Yet one the King doth dote on.

Qu. Then beshrew ye,
You had not us'd him gently, had I
known't,
I would have kneell'd before him, and
have sent

A handful of my tears unto the King.
Away, my Lords, here is no place to
revel

In our discomfits. *Herophil,* let's hast,
That thou and I may heartily like widows

Bewail my bridal mockt Virginity.

Col. Let's follow her my lords; I fear
to late

The King will yet repent these rude divisions.
Exeunt.

Enter Velasco, Lodovico, Mopas.

Lodov. Complement? 'Tis for Bar-
bors shops; know your own worth, you

speak to a frail commodity; and barter't
away roundly, my Lord.

Velas. She promis'd free discourse?

Lodov. She did: Are ye answer'd?

Enter Salassa, Shaparon.

Shap. Madam, my Lord *Velasco* is
come, use him nobly and kindly, or--
I say no more.

Salas. To a poor widow's house my
Lord is welcom.

Your lordship honours me in this fa-
vor; in what thankful entertainment I
can, I shall strive to deserve it.

Shap. Your sweet lordship is most
heartily welcom, as I may say.

Mop. Instead of a letter, Madam good-
face, on my Lord's behalf, I am bold to
salute you.

Lodov. Madam *Salassa*, not distrusting
the liberty you granted, now you and
my Lord are in your own house, we will
attend yee in the next room; Away,
Couzen; follow, firrah.

Shap. It is a woman part to come be-
hinde.

Mop. But for two men to pass in be-
fore one woman, 'tis too much a con-
science; on reverend antiquity.

Exit Lodovico, Shaparon, Mopas.

Salas. What is your lordship's plea-
sure?

Velas. To rip up
A story of my fate. When by the Queen
I was employ'd against the late Commo-
tioners,
(Of whom the now King was chief Lea-
der) then

In my return you pleas'd to entertain
me
Here in your house.

Salas. Much good may it do your
lordship.

Velas. But then, what conquest gain'd
I by that conquest,

When here mine eyes, and your com-
manding beauty

Made me a prisoner to the truest love,
That ever warm'd a heart.

Salas. Who might that be?

Velas. You, Lady, are the deity I
adore,

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Have knell'd too in my heart, have
vow'd my soul to,
In such a debt of service, that my life
Is tenant to your pleasure.

Salas. Phew, my Lord;

It is not nobly done to mock me thus.

Velas. Mock you? Most fair *Salassa*,
if e're truth

Dwelt in a tongue, my words and
thoughts are twins.

Salas. You wrong your honor in so
mean a choise.

Can it be though, that that brave man,
Velasco,

Sole Champion of the world, should
look on me?

On me, a poor lone Widow? 'Tis im-
possible.

Velas. I am poorer

In my performance now, then ever; so
poor,

That vows and protestations want fit
credit.

With me to vow the least part of a
service

That might deserve your favour.

Salas. You are serious?

Velas. Lady, I wish that for a present
tryal,

Against the custome of so sweet a na-
ture,

You would be somewhat cruel in com-
mands.

You dare not sift the honor of my
faith

By any strange injunction, which the
speed

Of my glad undertaking should not
cheerfully

Attempt, or perish in the sufferance of it.

Salas. You promise Lordly.

Velas. You too much distrust

The constancy of truth.

Salas. It were unnoble,

On your part to demand a gift of
bounty,

More then the freedom of a fair allow-
ance,

Confirm'd by modesty and reason's war-
rant

Might without blushing yeeld unto.

Velas. Oh, fear not,

For my affections aim at chaste contents;
Not at unruly passions of desire.

I onely claim the title of your servant,
The flight of my ambitions soars no
higher,

Then living in your grace, and for in-
couragement

To quicken my attendance now, and
then

A kinde unravish't kifs.

Salas. That's but a fee,

Due to a fair deserver: but admit

I grant it, and you have it; may I then

Lay a light burthen on you.

Velas. What is possible

For me to venture on, by how much
more

It carries danger in't; by so much more
My glorie's in the archievement.

Salas. I must trust ye.

Velas. By all the vertues of a Souldi-
ers nane,

I vow and sware.

Salas. Enough, I take that oath:

And thus my self first do confirm your
warrant.

Velas. I feel new life within me.

Salas. Now be Steward,

For your own store, my lord, and take
possession

Of what you have purchased freely:

Velas. With a joy.

As willing as my wishes can arrive at.

kisses her.

Salas. So, I may claim your oath now.

Velas. I attend it.

Salas. *Velasco*, I do love thee, and am
jealous

Of thy spirit, which is hourly apt

To catch at actions; if I must be Mistress
Of thee and my own will, thou must be

subject

To my improvements.

Velas. 'Tis my souls delight.

Salas. Y'are fam'd the onely fighting

Sir alive;

But what's this, if you be not safe to me.

Velas. By all

Salas. you shall not sware, take heed of
perjury.

So much I fear your safety, that I com-
mand,

For

The QUEEN,

For two years space, you shall not wear a sword,

A dagger, or stelletto; shall not fight
On any quarrel be it neer so just.

Velas. Lady!

Salas. Hear more yet; if you be baffled,
Rail'd at, scorn'd, mock'd struck, baffl'd,
kick'd,

Velas. (O Lady!)

Salas. Spit on, revil'd, challeng'd, pro-
vok'd by fools,
Boyes, anticks, cowards.

Velas. ('Tis intollerable.)

Salas. I charge you (by your oath) not
to reply
In word, deed, look: and lastly, I con-
jure ye

Never to shew the cause to any living
By circumstance or by equivocation;
Nor till two years expire to motion
love.

Velas. Why do you play the Tyrant
thus?

Salas. 'Tis common
To observe how love hath made a Co-
ward valiant;

But that a man as daring as *Velasco*,
Should to express his duty to a Mistress,
Kneel to his own disgraces, and turn
Coward,

Belongs to me and to my glories onely;
I'm Empress of this miracle. Your oath
Is past, if you will lose your self you
may.

How d'ee, Sir?

Velas. Woman thou art vain and
cruel.

Salas. Wilt please your lordship tast
a cup of wine,

Or stay and sup, and take a hard bed
here?

Your friends think we have done
strange things this while.

Come let us walk like Lovers: I am pit-
tiful,

I love no quarrels.

Velas. Triumph in my ruins.

There is no act of folly but is common
In use and practise to a scornful woman.

Exeunt.

ACT III.

*Enter Alphonso, Almada, Mureto,
Bufo, Pynro; and attendants.*

Alph. You have prevail'd, yet e're you
came (my Lord)

Mureto, here this right, right, honest
man

Confirm'd me thoroughly, now to witness
further

With what a gratitude I love the
Queen.

Reach me a bowle of wine.

Alm. Your Majesty more honors me,
in making me the Messenger of this most
happy concord, then addition of great-
ness can exprefs.

Muret. I ever told you,

How you would his Grace, inclin'd at
last

Pyn. The very *Jove* of benignity, by
whose gentle aspect the whole sphere of
this Court and Kingdom are (like the
lesser orbes) moved round in the har-
mony of affability.

Enter one with wine.

Alph. My Lord *Almado*, health unto
your Mistress,

A hearty health, a deep one.

Alm. upon my knee

My duty gladly answers

Alph. Give him wine.

There's not a man whoever in our
Court

(Greater or meaner) but shall pledge
this health,

In honor of our Queen, our verruous
Queen.

Commend us, and report us as you
finde.

Alm. Great Sir, I shall with joy.

Alph. *Bufo* and *Pynro*,

All in, and drink, drink deep, let none
be spar'd,

Comers or goers, none.

Buf. Away my hearts.

Pyn. Wee'll tickle it till the welkin

or the Excellency of her S E X.

blusfle again, and all the fixt Stars dance the old measures.

Muret. I shall attend to wait upon your lordship to the Caraoch. *Exeunt.*

Manet Alphonso.

Alph. So, so, far reaching pollicy, I adore thee,
Will hug thee as my dearling
Shallow fools
Dive not into the pitch of regular Statists.

Henceforth my Stratagem's of scorn and harred

Shall kill in smiles. I will not strike and frown,
But laugh and murder.

Enter Muretto.

Alph. Welcom, are we safe?

Muret. Most free from interruption: The Lord *Velasco* is newly entred the Court; I have given the watch word that they ply him mainly; the conclusion (I know cannot but break off in hurle-burly.

Alph. Good, good, I hate him mortally. 'Twas he
Slaved me to th' hangmans ax: But now go on,

Petruchi is the man, you say, must stand The Champion of her lust.

Muret. There may be yet vertuous intention even in bad actions, in lewd words, I urge no further then likelihoods may inform.

Alph. Phew, that's thy nobleness: But now *Muretto*,
The eye of luxury speaks loud in silence.

Muret. Why look ye, Sir, I must confess I observ'd some odd amorous glances, some sweet familiar courteous toying smiles; a kinde of officious boldness in him, Princelike and Queenlike allowance of that boldness in him again; sometimes I might warily overhear her whispers. But what of all this? There might be no harm meant.

Alph. Fy, no, the grafting of my forehead, nothing else.
Grafting, grafting, *Muretto*, A most Gentleman-like exercise; a very mystery belongs to't.

And now and then they walk thus, arm in arm, twist fingers: ha. Would they not *Muretto*?

Muret. 'Tis wondrous fit a great Queen should be supported, Sir; and for the best lady of 'em all, to discourse familiarly with her supporter, is courtly and passing innocent.

Alph. She and *Petruchi* did so?

Muret. And at her passing to her private lodgings, attended onely with her lady in ordinary. *Petruchi* alone went in before her.

Alph. Is't true! Went in before her! Canst prove that?

Muret. Your Majesty is too quick, too apprehensive of the worst: I meant he perform'd the office of an Usher.

Alph. Guilty apparently: Monstrous woman! Beast!

Were these the fruits of her dissembling tears!

Her puling, and her heart sighs. But *Muretto*.

I will be swift *Muretto*, swift and terrible.

Muret. I am such another Coxcomb; O my side too.

Yet faith, let me perswade ye; I hope your wife is vertuous.

Alph. Vertuous? The Devil she is, 'tis most impossible.

What kifs and toy, wink, prate, yet be vertuous?

Muret. Why not Sir? I think now a woman may lie four or five nights together with a man, and yet be chaste; though that be very hard, yet so long as 'tis possible, such a thing may be.

Alph. I have it, we'll confer; let's stand aside.

Enter Bufo and another Groom with wine, both drunk; Bufo handing Velasco by the shoulders.

Bufo. Not drink more? By this hand you shall drink eleven whole healths, if your cap be wooll or beaver; and that's my resolution.

Gro. 'Sfoot, eleven score; without dishonor be it spoken to any mans person out of this place.

D *Velasco*. Prethee,

The QUEEN,

Velas. Prethee, I can no more, 'tis a profession

I dare not practice, nay, I will not.

Buf. How will not? Not her Queen-ships health?

Hark ye, thy stinking and unwholesom words--

Will not-- You will not-- You say you will not?

Velas. I say so, pray be answer'd.

Gro. Pox of all flinchers; if a' say a will not,

Let him chuse, like an arrant dry lord as he is.

Buf. Give me the bowl, I must be valiant.

You, Sirrah, man at arms; Here's a carouse

To the King, the Queen, and my self.

Gro. Let it come, I'll have that i' faith, Sweet, sweet, sweet, Captain.

Buf. Hold, give the lord first, drink it up lord, do, ump.

Velas. Away I say, I am not in the tune.

Buf. Tune, tune? 'Sblood, d'ee take us for fiddlers, scrappers, rime canters by tune? By this light, I'll scourge ye like a town top: Look ye, I am urg'd-- Ump--And there's a fide blow for ye, like a sober thing as ye are.

Gro. well done i' faith, precious Captain.

Velas. Dar'st thou do this to me knowing who I am?

Buf. Yes, in the way of daring, I dare kick you thus, thus, Sir up and down. There's a jolt on the bum too: How d'ee like it?

Velas. 'Tis well! You use the privilege of the place.

There was a time the best of all this Court

Durst not have lift a hand against me then.

But I must bear it now.

Alph. Is not this strange *Mureto*?

Muret. I can scanty credit mine own eyes: The Captain follows his instructions perfectly.

Buf. Nor drink? Mahound, Infidel. I will fillip thy nose, spit in thy face,

Mungrel; brave, a Commander, ha?

Velas. O woman--woman--woman.

Buf. That's a lie, a stark one, 'tis known I nere was a woman in my life. I am weary beating of him, and can stand no longer. *Groom*, kick him thou up and down in my behalf; or by this flesh I'll swinge you, firrah.

Gro. Come aloft, Jackanapes: come aloft, firrah. *kicks, beates him.*

Alph. Why sure *Velasco* dares not fight.

Muret. It must be some or other hath bewitched him.

Enter Pynto.

Pyn. Avant, I saw twelve dozen of Cuckolds in the middle region of the air, galloping on a black Jack, Eastward ho. It is certain that every dozen went for a company, and they are now become a corporation. *Aries* and *Taurus*, the Bull and the Ram, two head signs, shall be henceforth their recognizances, set up in the grand hall of their politick convocations--whirr, whirr, there, there, just under the rainbow ambles *Mercury*, the thin bearded thief that stole away the Drappers wife, while the good man was made drunk at the Still-yard, at a beaver of Dutch bread and Renish wine, and lay all night in pure holland in's stockings and shoes. Pish, Talke not to me, I will maintain against the Universities of both the *Indies*, that one Aldermans horse is more right worshipful, then any fix Constables, brown bills and all. Now, now, now, my brains burn in Sulphur, and thus will I stalk about, and swim through a whole Element of dainty, neat, brisk, rich claret, canary, or maligo. Am not I *Pynto*, have not I hiren here? What art thou, a full moon, or a moon calf?

Buf. No, no, 'tis a dry Stock-fish, that must be beaten tender.

Velas. Was ever man so much a slave as I?

Pyn. Does *Saturn* wince? Down with him, let *Charles* his wayn run over his North pole; it shall be justified too.

Gro. Now, Sir, having taken a little breath, have at ye once more, and I have done. *Enter*

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Enter Mopas and Lodovico.

Mop. Clubs, clubs, I have been the death of two Brewers horses, and two catch-poles, my self, and now be try'd by two fools and ten knaves: O monstrous base, horrible; is my lord past recovery?

Velas. Hold, prethee, fellow hold, I have no sword,
Or if I had, I dare not strike again.

Buf. U'ds bones, were ye an invincible Armado,

I'de pound ye all like brown paper rags.

Lodov. Let me be stricken blind! The shame of fate;

Velasco, baffled, and not dare to strike!

Dogs, drunken dogs, I'll whip ye to your kennels.

Velas. Nay good, forbear.

Mop. Bilbo come forth and shew thy foxes tayl.

Nay, nay, give me liquor, and I'll fight like a rorer.

Pyn. Keep standing ho; the Almanack says plainly 'tis no season to be let blood, the sign is mortal. Hold!

Alph. Yes I command. Uncivil ill bred beasts.

How dares ye turn our pallace to a booth?

How dare the proudest of ye all lift up A hand against the meanest of those creatures

Whom we do own for ours? Now, now you spit

The ancient rancor of you bitter galls
Wherewith you strove to wound us heretofore.

Lodov. We are abus'd, My Lord.

Alph. Fellow, Thou lyest.

Our Royal eyes beheld the pride and malice

Of thee *Velasco*; who in hate to us
Deny'st to honour our remembrance, though

But in a pledg'd health.

Velas. Therein I was wrong'd.

Alph. No, therein all thy cunning could not hide

The rage of thy malicious heart to us;
Yet know, for tryal of thy love we caus'd
This onser, we will justifie the hight
Of thy disgraces; what they did was

Hence Coward, baffled, kickt, despis'd
and spurn'd.

Buf. Hang thy self; a pox on thee.

*Exit Alphonso, Muretto,
Pynto, Bufo, Groom.*

Lodov. O y'are undone: What Devil,
Hag, or Witch

Hath stoln your heart away?

Velas. I cannot tell.

Lodov. Not fight 'tis enough to shame
us all.

Velas. Happy was I, that living liv'd
alone,

Velasco was a man then, now is none.

Exeunt.

Mop. Is't even so, no man now; then I
smell how things stand: I'll lay my life,
his lady sweet heart hath given him the
Gleek, and he in return hath gelded
himself, and so both lost his courage and
his wits together. *Exit.*

*Enter Queen, Almado, Collumello,
Petruchi and Herophil.*

Qu. Speak o're the words again; and
good my lord

Be sure you speak the same, the very
words;

Our Queen, our vetuous Queen; Was't
so?

Alm. Just so;

And was withal in carriage so most
kinde,

So Princely, that I must do wrong to
gratitude,

In wanting action to exprefs his love.

Qu. I am the happiest she that lives.

Petruchi,

Was I mistook or no? Why good my
lords,

Observe it well. There is a holy league
Confirm'd and ratify'd 'twixt Love and
Fate.

This sacred Matrimonial tye of hearts,
Call'd marriage, has Divinity within't.

Prethee, *Almado*, tell me, smil'd the King
When he commended to me?

Alm. Madam, yes;

And affably concluded all in this;
Commend us, and report us as you find.

Qu. For loves sakes, no man prattle
of distrust.

The QUEEN,

It shall be treason whosoever says
The King's unkinde. My thinks I am all
air;
My soul has wings.

Petr. And we are all o'rejoy'd
In this sweet reconciliation.

Qu. Wee'll visit him (my Lords) in
some rich mask
Of rare device, as thus; Pish, now I
think on't,
The world yeelds not variety enough
Of cost, that's worthy of his Royal eyes,
Why *Herophil*?

Her. Here, Madam.

Qu. Now beshrew me
But I could weep for anger--If 'twere
possible
To get a chariot cut out of a rock,
Made all of one whole Diamond, drawn
all on Pavements
Of pearls and amber, by four Ivory
steeds

Of perfect Christal; this were worth
presenting.
Or some bright cloud of Saphirs--Fy
you are all

So dull, you do not love me.

Col. Y'are transported
To strange impossibilities; our service
Shall wait upon your happiness.

Qu. Nay, nay,
I know you laugh at me, and well you
may;

I talk I know not what. I would 'twere
fit

To ask one question of ye.
All. Madam, any thing.

Qu. You'll swear that I am Idle, yet
you know

'Tis not my custom; Look upon me
well;

Am I as fair as *Herophil*?

Petr. Yes, Madam,
Or any other creature else alive.

Qu. You make me blush in troth. O
would the King

Could see me with your eyes. Or
would I were

Much courser then I am to all the
world;

So I might onely seem more fair to him.

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

See here come more. *Velasco*, thou art
welcom.

Welcom kinde *Lodovico*. You I know
Bring fresh supplies of comfort; do not
cloud

Your news with circumstance: Say, doth
the King

Expect me? Yes, good man, I know he
does.

Speak briefly, good my Lord, and truly.

Velasco. Madam, Take all at once, he is
the King;

And Kings may do their pleasures.

Qu. True, *Velasco*.

But I have from my heart forgot remem-
brance

Of former passages, the world is chang'd:
Is a' not justly royal?

Lodov. Would a' were, I wish it for
your sake Madam, but my wishes and his
inclinations are quite opposite.

Petr. What said you, *Lodovico*?

Lodov. Thus *Petruchi*. *Velasco* hath
been by the King disgrac'd, by his mini-
ons abused, baffled, they justified by the
King in't. In a word; *Alphonso* is, and
will be the scourge of *Arragon*.

Qu. I'll stop my ears, they shannot let
in poyson,

Rank treacherous searching poyson.

Alm. 'Tis impossible.

Qu. Yes, 'tis impossible; but now I
see

Y'are all agreed to curse me in the hight
Of my prosperities. O that at once

I could have leave to dye and shun the
times.

Enter Mureto.

Muret. His excellent Majesty by me
commends to your Royal hands this let-
ter, Madam.

Qu. Why thus I kiss,
And kiss again; Welcom, what ere it
speaks.

Muret. That you may all conceive
(my Lords) the Kings hearty zeal to u-
nity and goodness, he by me intreats
your attendance on the Queen to him:
To you Signior *Petruchi*, he sends this
Diamond from his own finger.

Petr. You strike me into wonder.

Muret. I should excuse his highness
violence

or the Excellency of her S E X.

violence to you, my lord *Velasco* ; but he says, that your own indiscretion deserv'd your late reproof : And futher, (pardon me that I mince not the sum of his injunction) he says your cowardice is now so vulgarly palpable, that it cannot stand with his honour to countenance so degenerating a spirit.

Velas. I thank him ; yet, if you remember well ;

Both he and you prov'd me another man.

Qu. The sweetest letter that ever was writ :

Come we must to the King--How !

'Tis my ring,

The first ring that I ever gave the King.

Petruchi, I must have it.

Petr. 'Twas the King sent it :

I mean to yeeld it back again.

Qu. No I will.

And in exchange take that of equal value ;

But nor with me, 'cause it comes from my husband.

Let's slack no time, this day shall crown our peace.

Exit all but Velasco and Lodovico.

Lodov. You see my Lord how the world goes.

What your next course ?

Velas. Would I could leave my self, I am unfit

For company of men : Art thou my friend ?

Lodov. I cannot tell what I am, your patient humor indeed perswades me I am nothing.

Ladies little puppy dogs shortly will break your shins with milke-sops, and you dare not cry, come out cur. Faith tell me for our wonted friendships sake ; hath not this Madam sweet heart of yours a share in your Mieramorphosis ?

Velas. You are unkinde, as much as in a thought,

To wrong her vertue. *Lodovico,* no ; I have resolv'd never to fight again.

Lodov. 'Tis a very safe resolution ; but have you resolv'd never to be beaten again ?

Velas. That goodly sound of gallant valiant man

Is but a breath, and dyes as soon utter'd.

I'll seek my fame henceforward in the praise

Of sufferance and patience, for raman-hood

Adds onely life to cruelty, yet by cruelty

Takes life away, and leaves upon our souls

Nothing but guilt, while patience if it be

Sett'd, doth even in bondage keep us free.

Lodov. Excellent morality ; but good my Lord, without more circumstance the cause, let me know the ground and cause on't.

Velas. My will, or if you please my cowardice,

More ask not, more, I vow, you shall not know.

Enter Mopas.

Mop. O Fy, fy, I were better be the Hangmans deputy, then my Lord *Velasco's* Gentleman usher ; all the streets as I pass whoot at me, and ask me if I be so valiant as my master the coward ; they swear their children carry wooden daggers to play a prize with him, and there's no talk but of the arrant coward *Velasco.*

Velas. I care not, let 'em talk.

Mop. Care not ? By these hilts, I had rather then a hundred ducates, I had but as much spirit : as to have drawn upon a couple of men in Ginger-bread, which a hucksters crook'r legged whorson ape held up, and swore they were two taller fellows then you are.

Lodov. Your readiest way were to get you into a cloyster ; for there's no going to Court.

Mop. Yes, to have our brains rubb'd out with the heel of a brown mancher.

Velas. As, y'are my friend forbear to come more neer me. *Exit Velasco.*

Lodov. Gone so quickly ? *Mopas* I'll finde out this mystery, and thou shalt be the instrument.

Mop. Shall I ? Why agreed ; let me alone

The QUEEN,

one for an instrument, be it a winde or
ring'd instrument, I'll sound at one
end or other I'll warrant ye.

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonso, Pynto, Bufo.

Alph. Are all things ready as we gave
charge?

Pyn. Yes all, and the face of the hea-
vens are passing favourable.

Alph. Bufo, Be it thy care, the watch
word given,
to seize *Petruchi* suddenly.

Buf. If the Devil be not in him, I'll
make him fast enough.

Alph. Mean time wee'll take our
place, they are at hand.
Some sound our choicest musick t' enter-
tain

This Queen with all the seeming forms
of State. *Loud Musick.*

*Enter Queen supported by Petruchi,
Herophil, Collumello, Almada,
and Muretto.*

All. All joy to Aragon's great King.

Alph. You strive to act in words (my
lords) but we our self
endeavor rather how to speak in act.
Now is a time of peace of amity.
The Queen is present; Lady, seat you
here,

As neer, as if we plac'd you in our heart,
Where you are deep inthron'd.

Qu. As you in mine,
So may I ever live in yours, my Lord.

Alph. How so? You are too charita-
ble now,
That covet but equality in love;
A cold, a frozen love; for I must think
The streams of your affections are dry'd
up,

Or running from their wonted chan-
nels, range
In lawless paths of secrecie and stealth;
Which makes us love you more.

Qu. I would your words
dissented not from your resolved
thoughts
For then (if I mistake not) you would
feel

Extremity of passion, which indeed
Is noble jealousy.

Alph. Are you so plain?

I thank you Madam; lend me your fair
hand,

What's here? O my presages! Whence
got you this ring?

Qu. This ring, my lord?

Alph. This ring, my lord!

By honours reverend crest 'tis time to
wake.

Art thou not pale, *Petruchi*?

Petr. Gracious, Sir.

This is the ring you sent me by *Muretto*,
Which 'cause it came from you, the
Queen would needs

Exchange it for another of her own.

Alph. True, 'cause it came from me, I
take it so,

And grant ye, know the word. 'Tis won
and lost.

*Enter a Guard, Bufo with them seize
Petruchi; Pynto the Queen.*

Petr. What mean ye, Helhounds?
Slaves, let go my sword.

Buf. Keep in your chaps, and leave
scolding, my small friend, 'tis now no
time to wrangle or to rore.

Qu. Nay, nay, with what you please I
am content.

Col. What means your Highness?

Alm. wronge not Majesty
With such unnoble rigour.

Alph. O, my lords,

The weight of all this shame falls hea-
viest here

In my afflicted bosome. Madman like
I would not credit, what mine ears had
heard,

From time to time of that adulterous
woman.

For this have I liv'd widowed from her
bed,

Was deaf to proofs, to oaths, and ever
thought

That whoredom could not snit her self
so trimly

On vertues outside. But *Petruchi* there
Hath a loud speaking conscience, can
proclaim

Her lust, and my dishonour

Petr. Grant

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Petr. Grant me hearing.

Alph. Away with him to prison, make him fast

On pain of all your lives.

Bufo. Come, Sir, there is no playing fast and loose, which fit a ducat now.

Exit Bufo with Petruchi.

Col. But what now for the Queen?

Alph. As she deserves.

Alm. Our law requires a clear and open proof,
And a judicial trial.

Alph. Yes to subjects
It does, but who among you dares speak justice
Against your natural Sovereign? Not one.

Pyn. Your Majesty hath most wisely considered that point.

Muret. I have stood silent all this while, and cannot but with astonishment and unutterable grief bear a share of sadness in these disasters. But, Madam, be not altogether dejected on your part: there is more mercy in this sovereign Prince, than that you should any way distrust.

Qu. Nay, even proceed and question me no more.

Alph. I will be gentle to you, and the course
That I will take shall merit your best thanks.

If in a moneth a Champion shall appear,
In single opposition to maintain
Your honor; I will be the man my self
In person to avouch this accusation:
And which of us prevails, shall end this strife.

But if none come, then you shall lose your head.

Mean time your usage shall be like a Queen.

Muret. Now by the life of honour, 'tis a most Princely tryal, and will be worth you eternal memory.

Qu. Where must I then be led?

Alph. No where but here
In our own palace; and as I am King,
None worse then I shall be her Guardian.

Alm. Madam, Heaven is the Guardian of the just;

You cannot miss a Champion.

Qu. E're I go,
May I entreat a word?

Alph. O yes, you may.

Qu. *Collumello* and *Almado*, hear me,
I speak to you, and to your fellow Peers
Remember both by oaths and by allegiance

You are my subjects.

Both. Madam, true, we are.

Qu. Then as you ever bore respect of truth

To me as to your Sovereign, I conjure you
Never to levy arms against the King,
Singly or openly, and never else.
To justify my right or wrong in this.
For if you do, here I proclaim ye all
Traytors to loyalty and me: for surety,
I crave your oaths a new.

Both. Since you enforce us,
We swear: and heaven protect you.

Qu. Let me be gone.

Alph. Well as they please for that:
Mureto, follow.

Exit all but Almada and Collumello.

Alm. Here is fine work, my lord.
What's to be done?

Col. Stand still while this proud Tyrant cuts our throats.

Alm. She's wrong'd, and this is only but a plot.

Velasco, now might binde his Country to him;

But he is grown so cowardly and base,
That boys and children beat him as they list.

Col. I have be thought me, we, with th' other Peers,

Will set a proclamation out, assuring
What worthy Knight soever undertakes,
By such a day, as Champion for the Queen.

Shall have a hundred thousand ducats paid,

Withal, what honors else he shall demand.

Alm. This must be speeded, or 'twill come to late.

Col. It shall be suddain: Here our hope must stand;

Kings command Subjects; Heav'n doth Kings command.

Exeunt.
ACT IV.

The QUEEN,

ACT IV.

Enter Salassa and Shaparoen.

Salas. A coward? 'tis impossible; *Vesco* a coward? The brave man? The wonder of the time? Sure, *Shaparoen*, 'tis a meer scandal rais'd by an enemy.

Shap. 'Tis most certain, most apparent; Taylors, Prentizes, nay, Bakers and Weavers; (things that drink cannot put spirit into, they are such mighty bread-eaters) they as I am an honest woman, sling old shoes at him, and he dares not turn back to give an angry word.

Salas. I had been sweetly promoted to such a rane Champion.

Shap. Gallants! Out upon 'em, 'tis your tough clown is your only raiser up of man or woman.

Salas. A Proclimation is sent out for certain?

Shap. Most assuredly.

Salas. The sum proposed, a hundred thousand ducats.

Shap. Present payment, without attendance.

Salas. 'Tis a glorious reward--speak low, and observe.

Enter Mopas reading a Proclamation.

Mop. Whosoever, man or woman, can, or will procure any such forelaid defendant, against the said day; let them, him, or she repair to the said lords of the Council, and give in such sufficient assurance for such defence, and they or any of them shall receive a hundred thousand ducats in ready cash; with what honors may give them, him, or her content or satisfaction.

O that I durst be valiant: A hundred thousand. A hundred thousand; how it rumbles in my chops.

Salas. Prethee, a word, my friend.

Mop. Sweet Lady, all fair weather upon ye.

As for you, Madam, time was, I recom-

mend to your ancient remembrance, time is past: with my service forwards and backwards, when 'tis time present, resting yours in the whole *Mopas*.

Shap. Very courtly and pithy.

Salas. Pray let me view your paper.

Mop. 'Tis your ladiships.

Shap. Some proclamation as I take it.

Mop. Madam Reverence, you have taken it in the right cue.

Salas. I am o'rejoy'd; there's gold for thy news. Friend. I will make thee the happiest and most welcom messenger to thy lord, that ever received thanks from him; without delay, wait on me for instructions.

Mop. I am at your ladiships beck.

Exeunt.

Enter Alphonso, and Muretto.

Muret. True, true, Sir, you are set high upon the stage for action. O the top of my ambition, my hearts Idol!

What a perplexity are you twin'd into? And justly; so justly, that it is hard to judge, whether your happiness were greater in the possession of an unmatchable beauty, or your present misery, by enforcing that beauty to expose her honor to so apparent a contempt: This is not the least, that might have been in time prevented.

Alph. O I am lost *Muretto*, my sunken eyes

Are buried in their hollows: busie thoughts

Press on like legions of infernal hags To menace my destruction: Yet my judgment

Still prompts my senses, that my Queen is fair.

Muret. Fair! Unspeakable workmanship of Heavens bounty. Were all the skilfullest Painters that ever discern'd colours, moulded into one, to perfect an Artist. Yet that Artist should sooner want fanisie or imagination, for personating a curious medal, then ever to patern a counterfeit so exquisitely excellent, as is the Queen by nature.

Alph. I have surveyed the wonder of her cheeks,

Compar'd them with the lillies and the rose

And

or the Excellency of her S E X.

And by my life, Muretto, Roses are
Adulterate to her blush, and lilies pale,
Examin'd with her white; yet, blear
eyed fool,
I could not see those rarities before
me.

Muret. Every man is blind (my lord)
in his own happiness, there's the curse
of our mortality.

She was the very tale of the world:
Her perfections busied all tongues.
She was the onely wish of *Europes* chief-
est Monarchs.

Whose full fruition you (and 'twas your
capital sin) most inhumanly abandoned.

Alph. Villain, *Petruchi*, let me for ever
curse him: Had he not been the man;
who else had durst to hazard a denial
from her scorns?

Muret. See now herein you are mon-
strous discourteous, above excuse; why,
Sir, what hath *Petruchi* done? Which
(from any King to a Vassal) all men would
not eagerly have persued. Alas, my lord,
his nobleness is eternal, by this means, in
attempting and his felicity unmatchable,
in injoying the glory of his time, a beau-
ty conquering, so unparalell'd.

Alph. She is superlative.

Muret. Divine.

Alph. Rich, bright.

Muret. immortal.

Alph. Too too worthy for a man.

Mur. The Gods might enjoy her.

Alph. Nature ne'er fram'd so sweet a
creature.

Muret. She is self Nature's Nature.

Alph. Let me for ever curse the frail
condition

Of our deluded faculties: *Muretto*,
Yet being all, as she is all, her best
Is worst considering that she is a wan-
ton.

Muret. Build you a Palace, arch it
with Diamonds, roof it with Carbu-
cles, pave it with Emraulds, daub it
with Gold, furnish it with all what cost
can lay on, and then seal up the doors,
and at best 'tis but a solitary nest for
Owles and Daws.

Beauty was not meerly created for won-
der, but for use: 'Tis you were in the

fault; 'tis you perswaded her, urg'd
compell'd, inforc'd her: I know it, my
truth and plainness trumpets it out to
ye: Besides, women (my lord) are all
creatures, not Gods nor Angels.

Alph. I must confess 'tis true, yet he
my Crown

She dyes, if none defend her, I'm re-
solv'd.

Muret. 'Tis a heroical disposition, and
with your honour she cannot, must not
live. Here's the point; If she live and you
receive her to favour, you will be a no-
ted Cuckold; which is a recognizance
dishonourable to all, but to a King fearfully
infamous. On the other side, if you
prevail, and she be put to death, you do
as it were deprive the Firmament of the
Sun, and yourself of the treasure of the
whole earth.

Alph. Right, right, *Muretto*, there thou
strick'st the wound

Too deeply to be cur'd, yet I must do't
I would fain see her now.

Muret. Pray do, Sir; and let *Petruchi*
come face to face to her; observe them
both, but be very mild to both: use ex-
tremity to neither.

Alph. Well counsell'd; call them hi-
ther, but none with them:

Wee'll strive with grief; Heaven! I am
plung'd at full.

Never henceforward shall I slumber out
One peaceful hour; my enraged blood
Turns coward to mine honour. I could
wish

My Queen might live now though I did
but look

And gaze upon her cheeks, her ravishing
cheeks.

But, oh, to be a Cuckold; 's death, she
dyes.

Enter at one door *Petruchi*; and the
other *Muretto* and the Queen, they
stand at several ends of the
Stage.

Muret. My gracious Lord.

Alph. Reach yond fair sight a chair,
That man a stool, sit both, wee'll have
it so.

Mur. 'Tis Kingly done; in any case
E (my

The QUEEN,

[my lord) curb now a while the violence of your passion, and be temperate.

Qu. Sir, 'tis my part to kneel, for on your brow
I read sad sentence of a troubled wrath,
And that is argument enough to prove
my guilt, not being worthy of your favour.

Petr. Let me kneel too, though not for pardon, yet
In duty to this presence: else I stand
As far from falsehood, as is that from truth

Muret. Nay, Madam, this not the promise on your part.
It is his pleasure you should sit.

Qu. His pleasure is my law.
Alph. Let him sit too, the man, } *Both*
Petr. Sir, you are obey'd. } *sit.*
Alph. Between my comforts and my shame I stand

In equal distance; this way let me turn
To thee thou woman. Let me dull mine eyes
With surfeit on thy beauty. What art thou
Great dazeling splendor? Let me ever look

And dwell upon this presence.
Muret. Now it works.
Alph. I am distract. Say? What!
Do not, do not--

Muret. My lord the King--Why, Sir?--
He is in a trance, or else metamorphis'd
to some some pillar of marble: How fix-
edly a' stands.

D'ee hear, Sir? What d'ee dream on?
My lord, this is your Queen speak to her:

Alph. May I presume with my irreve-
rent lips
To touch your sacred hand.

Qu. I am too wretched
To be thought but the subject of your mirth.

Alph. Why she can speak, *Muretto*? O
tell me pray,
And make me ever, ever fortunate;
Are you a mortal creature? Are ye in-
deed

Moulded of flesh and blood like other
women?

Can you be pittiful? Can ye vouchsafe
To entertain fair parley? Can you love,
Or grant me leave to love you, can you,
say?

Qu. You know too well, my lord, in-
stead of granting,
I owe a duty, and must sue to you,
If I may not displease.

Alph. Now I am great,
You are my Queen, and I have wrong'd
a merit,
More than my service in the humblest
lowness

Can ever recompence. I'll rather with
To meet whole hosts of dangers, and en-
counter

The flabled whips of steel, then ever
part
From those sweet eyes: not time shall
sue divorce

'Twixt me and this great miracle of Na-
ture.

Muretto?

Muret. Sovereign Sir.

Alph. I'll turn away,
And mourn my former errors--Worse
then death

Look where a Basilisk with murdering
flames

Of poyson, strikes me Blinde. Insatiate
tempter,

Patern of lust, 'tis thou alone hast sun-
dred

Our lawful bride bed, planted on my
crest

The horned Satyrs badge; hast soyl'd a
beauty

As glorious, as sits yonder on her front.

Kill him, *Muretto*, why should he re-
ceive

The benefit of the law, that us'd no
law

In my dishonours?

Petr. Were you more a King
Then Royalty can make you, though
opprest

By your commanding powers, yea, and
curb'd

In bonds most falsely, yet, give me a
sword

And strip me to my shirt, I will defend
Her spotless virtue, and no more esteem,

or the Excellency of her S E X.

In such a noble cause, an host of Kings,
Then a poor stingle's swarm of buzzing
flies.

Qu. Petruchi, in those words thou dost
condemn

Thy loyalty to me, I shall disclaim
All good opinion of thy worth or truth,
If thou persevere to affront my lord.

Petr. Then I have done. Here's mis-
ery unspeakable;
Rather to yeeld me guilty wrongfully,
Then contradict my wrongs.

Alph. High impudence.
Could she be ten times fairer then she is,
Yet I would be reveng'd. You sweet,
I would

Again -- Her beams quite blast me.

Muret. If you will be an Eaglet of the
right aery, you must endure the Sun.
Can you chuse but love her?

Alph. No by the Stars. Why would not
you be honest; and know how I do dote?

Qu. May I be bold
To say I am, and not offend?

Alph. Yes, yes,
Say so for heavens love, though you be
as fowl

As sin can black your purity. Yet tell
me

That you are white and chaste; That
while you live

The span of your few dayes, I may re-
joyce

In my deluded follies; least I dye
Through anguish, ere I have reveng'd
my injury,

And so leave you behind me for another;
That were intollerable.

Qu. Heaven knows, I ne're abus'd my
self or you.

Petr. As much sware I, and truly.

Alph. Thou proud Devil,
Thou hast a lying tongue; They are con-
fessed

In mischief. Get ye hence seducing
horrors.

I'll stop mine eyes and ears till you are
gone.

As you would be more merciful, away,
Or as you would finde mercy.

Ex. Queen Petruchi contrary waies.

Muret. Sir, they are gone.

Alph. And she too then let me be seen
no more.

I am distracted, both waies I feel my
blame;

To leave her death, to live with her is
shame. *Exit.*

Muret. Fare ye well King, this is ad-
mirable; I will be chronicled, all my
business ripens to my wishes. And if
honest intentions thrive so successfully;
I will henceforth build upon this assu-
rance, that there can hardly be a greater
Hell or Damnation, then in being a Vill-
lane upon earth. *Exit.*

Enter Lodovico, Salassa, Shaparo.

Lodov. I am wonder stricken -- And
were you i'faith the she indeed; that
turn'd my Lords heart so handsomly, so
cunningly? O how I reverence wit. Well,
lady, you are as pestilent a piece of po-
licy, as ever made an ass of love.

Salas. But, *Lodovico*, I'll salve all a-
gain quickly.

Shap. Yes indeed forsooth, she has the
trick on't.

Lodov. You have undertaken with the
lords already, you say.

Salas. I have, and my life is at stake,
but I fear not that.

Lodov. Pish, you have no need; one
smile, or kinde simper from you does all;
I warrant ye the sight of so much gold,
as you are to receive, hath quickned
your love infinitely.

Salas. Why, Sir, I was not worthy
of my lords love before; I was too
poor: but now two hundred thousand
ducats, is a dower fit for a lord.

Lodov. Marry is't. I applaud your
consideration.

'Twas neatly thought on.

Enter Collumello and Almada.

Col. Have you prevail'd yet, lady, time
runs on,
You must not dally.

Salas. Good my lords, fear nothing:
Were it but two hours to't, I should be
ready.

The QUEEN,

Enter Velasco very sad.

Lodov. He comes himself, 'tis fit we stood unseen.

ly him soundly, lady.

Alm. Let us withdraw then. *Exeunt.*

Velas. I cannot be alone, still I am hunted

With my confounding thoughts : Too late I finde,

How passions at their best are but fly traytors

To ruin honour. That which we call love,

Was by the wisest power above fore-thought

To check our pride. Thus when men are blown up

At the highest of conceit, then they fall down

Even by the peevish follies of their frailties.

Salas. The best of my lord *Velasco's* wishes ever.

Crown him with all true content.

Velas. Cry ye mercy, Lady.

Salas. I come to chide you my Lord ; can it be possible that ever any man

could so sincerely profess such a mightiness of affection, as you have done to me,

and forget it all so soon, and so unkindely.

Velas. Are you a true very lover, or are you bound

For penance to walk to some holy shrine,

In visitation ? I have seen that face.

Salas. Have you so ? O you are a hot lover ; a woman is in fine case to weep

out her eyes for so uncertain a friend, as your protestations urg'd me to conceive

you : But come I know what you'll say aforehand, I know you are angry.

Velas. Pray give me leave to be my own tormentor.

Salas. Very angry, extreamly angry ; But as I respect perfection, tis more then

I deserve. Little know you the misery I have endured, and all about a hasty word of

nothing, and I'll have it prove nothing e're we part.

Velas. Her pride hath made her lunatick, alas !

She hath quite lost her wits, those are the fruits

Of scorns and mockeries.

Salas. To witness how indearedly I prefer your merits, and love your person ; in a word, my lord, I absolve you,

and set you free from the injunction I bound you in ; as I desire to thrive, I

meant all but for a tryal in jest.

Velas. these are no words of madness ; whither tends

The extremity of your invention, Lady ?

I'll swear no more.

Salas. I was too blame, but one fault (me thinks) is to be pardoned, when I

am yours and you firmly mine : I'll bear with many in you.

Velas. So, if you be in earnest ; What's the matter ?

Salas. The sum of all is, that I know it suits not with the bravery of the

lord *Velasco's* spirit, to suffer his Queen and sovereign stand wrongfully accused

of dishonour, and dye shamefully for a fault never committed.

Velas. Why 'tis no fault of mine.

Salas. Nor shall it be of mine : Go be a famous subject ; be a ransomier of thy

Queen from dangers, be registred thy Countries patron : Fight in defence of

the fairest and innocentest princess alive : I with my heart release you.

First conquer ; that done, enjoy me ever for thy wife : *Velasco*, I am thine.

Velas. Pish, you release me, all their cunning strains

Of policy that set you now a work ; To treble ruin me, in life, fame, soul,

Are foolish and unable to draw down A greater wrath upon my head ; in-

troth You take a wrong course lady.

Salas. Very good, Sir, 'tis prettily put off, and wondrous modestly. I protest

no man hath enjoyn'd me to this task ; 'tis onely to do service to the State

and honour to you.

Velas. No man enjoyn'd you but your self ?

Salas. None else, as I ever had truth in me.

Velas. Know

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Velas. Know then from me, you are a
wicked woman,
And avarice, not love to me, hath forc'd
ye
To practice on my weakness. I could
raile,
Be most uncivil; But take all in short:
I know you not.

Salas. Better and better, the man
will triumph anon sure; Prethee, good
dissemble no longer; I say you shall
fight, I'll have it so: I command you
fight, by this kiss you shall.

Velas. Forbear, let me in peace bid
you forbear;
I will be henceforth still a stranger to
you,

Ever a stranger, look, look up, up there
My oath is bookt, no humane power
can free me.

Salas. I grant you none but I.

Velas. Be not deceived, I have
Forgot your scorn; you are lost to me,
Witness the Genius of this place, how
e're

You tempt my constancy, I dare not
fight.

Salas. Not dare to fight, what not for
me?

Velas. No Lady.

I durst not, must not, cannot, will not
fight.

Salas. O me undone.

Velas. What ayles you?

Salas. Now my life

Hath run it's last for I have pawn'd it Sir.
To bring you forth as champion for the
Queen.

Velas. And so should have the pro-
mis'd Gold.

Salas. I, I.

Velas. You have reveng'd my wrongs
upon your selfe.

I cannot helpe you, nay alas you know
It lay not in me.

Salas. O take pittie on mee,
Look heer, I hold my hands up, bend
my knees,

Heaven can require no more.

Velas. Then kneel to heaven
I am no God, I cannot do you good.

Salas. Shall not my tears prevayle?

hard-hearted Man.

Dissembler, loves dishonour, bloody but-
cher

Of a poor Lady, be assured my Ghost
Shall haunt thy soule when I am dead.

Velas. Your curse

Is false upon your own head, herein
show

A noble piety, to beare your death
With resolution, and for small answer
Lady I will not fight to gain the world.

Exit.

Salas. Gone! I have found at length
my just reward,
And henceforth must prepare to welcom
Death.

Velasco I begin to love thee now.

Now I perceave thou art a noble man,
Compos'd of Goodnes, what a foole was I?
It grieves me more to loose him then to
die.

Enter Almada, Columello, Lodovico,
Shaproon.

Coll. Lady we have heard all that now
hath past,
You have deceav'd your selfe and us,
the time

We should have spent in seeking other
means.

Is lost, of which you are the cause.

Alm. And for it

The senats strickt decree craves execu-
tion,
what can you say?

Salas. My Lords I can no more
but yeild me to the law.

Shap. O that ever you were born, you
have made a sweet hand on't, have you
not.

Lodov. Here is the right recompence
of a vain confidence, Mistresse: But I
will not torture you being so neer your
end, lady say your prayers and die in
Charity, that's all the pittie I can take
on ye

Exit Lodovico.

Coll. Ten times the gold you should
have had, now Lady cannot release you

Alm. You alone are shee
Ruins your country. Heres the price
of sin,

I'll thrift, all loose in seeking all to win

Exit. all but Shaproon

Shap. Na

The QUEEN,

Shap. Nay even go thy ways, 'tis an old proverbe that leachery and covetousnes go together, and 'tis a true one too, But I'll shift for one.

If some proper squire or lustly yeoman have a mind to any thing I have about me, 'a shall soon know what to trust too for I see the times are very troublesome.

Enter Pyn.

Pyn. Now is the prosperous season when the whole round of the planets are couplung together. Let birds and beasts observe valentines day, I am a man and all times are with me in season, this same Court ease hath sett my blood on tiptoe, I am Madder then a march hare.

Shap. Blessing on your fair face, your handsome hand, your clean foot sir, are you a Courtier sir?

Pyn. Good starrs direct me, sweet woman, I am a Courtier, if you have any suit, what is't, what is't? be short.

Shap. Lord what a Courteous proper man 'a is, trust me, 'a hath a most eloquent beard. -- Suit Sir, Yes Sir, I am a countrey gentlewoman by father and Mothers side, one that comes to see fashions and learne newes. And How I pray sir (if I may be so bold to aske) stand things at Court Sir now a dayes?

Pyn. A very modest necessary and discreet Question.

Indeed Mistris Countrey-Gentlewoman, things at Court stand as they were ever wont, some stiffe and some slacke, every thing according to the employment it hath.

Shap. Mary, the more pittie sir, that they have nor all good doing a like, methinkes, they should be all and at all times ready heer.

Pyn. You speake by a figure, by your leave, in that.

But because you are a stranger, I will a litte more amply informe you. Heer at our Court of Arragon, Schollars for the most part are the veriest fooles for that they are allways beggerly and proud. And foolish citizens the wisest schollars for that they never run at charges for greater learning to cast up their

reck'nings, then their Horn-book.

Here every old lady is cheaper then a proctor, and will as finely convey an open act, without any danger of a consistory. Love and money sweepes all before them, be they cut or longtaylor. Do not I deserve a kisse for this discovery Mistris.

Shap. A kisse, O my dear chastity, yes indeed forsooth, and I pray please your selfe.

Pyn. Good wench by venus, but are you any thing rich?

Shap. Rich enough to serve my turn.

Pyn. I see you are reasonable fair.

Shap. I ever thought my selfe so.

Pyn. Will you survey my lodgings?

Shap. At your pleasure sir being under your gard as I am.

Enter Mopas and Buf.

Buf. Sirrha Mopas, If my mistresse say but the word, thou shalt see what an ex-ployt, I will doe.

Mop. You'le undertake it you say, though your throat be cut in your own defence, 'tis but manslaughter, you can never be hang'd for it.

Buf. Nay I am resolute in that point, heer's my hand, let him shrink, that list, I'll not flinch a hayres breadth *Mopas.*

Mop. What, old huddle and twang so close at it, and the dog dayes so neer, Heark ye, your lady is going the way of all flesh. And so is that schollar with you methinkes, though not in the same cue, is 'a not?

Shap. 'A has promist to tell me my fortune at his chamber, and do me some other good for my ladies safety.

Pyn. I have spoken, the planets shall be rul'd by me, Captain, you know they shall.

Buf. Let the planets hang themselves in the elements, what care I, I have other matters to trouble my braines.

Mop. Signior Pyn to take her to you, as true a mettall'd blade as ever was turn'd into a dudgeon, hearke in your eare.

Enter Lodovico and Herophil.

Lodov. I know not how to trust you, you ar all so fickle so unconstant.

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Herop. If I faile

Let me be mark't a Strumpet.

Lodov. I apprehend you use him kindly still,

See where 'a is, Captain you are well mett,

Her'es one whose heart you have.

Herop. He knowes he has.

Buf. Why by my troth I thanke you forsooth, 'tis more of your curtesie then my deserving, but I shall study to deserve it.

Herop. I hope so, and doubt it not.

Lodov. Madam Cosen Shaproon.

Shap. You are welcom sir.

Pyn. Cosen, Nay then I smell she is a gentlewoman indeed.

Mop. Yes, and as antiently descended as Flesh and blood can derive her.

Pyn. I am a made man and I will have her.

Herop. You'le walke with me sir?

Buf. Even through fire and water. sweet Mistres.

Lodov. Let's every one to what concerns us most,

For now's the time all must be sav'd or lost. *Exeunt all.*

Act V.

A Scaffold

Enter Velasco and Lodovico.

Velas. This is not kindly done, nor like a friend.

Lodov. Keep your chamber then, what should owles and barts do abroad by day light? why, you are become so notoriously ridiculous, that a Craven is reputed of nobler spirit amongst birds, then *Velasco* amongst men.

Velas. Why *Lodovico* dost thou tempt my wrongs?

O friend, 'tis not an honor or a fame Can be a gain to me, though I should dare

Did crown mine arm with conquest of the King,

Put case the cause add glory to the justice

Of my prevailing sword? what can I win

Saving a pair of lives I lose a soule,

My rich soule *Lodovico*, Does not yet

The heart even shrill within thee? All thy spirits

Melt into Passions, All thy manhood stagger

Like mine? Nay canst thou chuse but now confess

That this word Coward is a name of Dignity?

Lodov. Faint hearts and strong tongues are the tokens of many a tall prattling Ghossipe. Yet the truth is you have halfe convinced me, But to what end will you be a looker on the Tragedy of this shee Beast? it will but breed your greater vexation.

Velas. I hope not so, I looke for Comfort in't.

Lodov. Mafs: that may be too, It cannot but make your melancholy a little merry, to see the woodcockes neck caught in a worse noose, then shee had set for you.

Velas. That's but a poor revenge, I'de rather weep

On her behalfe, but that I hope her courage

Will triumph over Death.

Lodov. My Lord they come.

Velas. Let me stand back unseen, Good Angells guard her.

Velasco Muffles himselfe.

Enter executioner before Salassa. her

Hayre loose, after her, Almada,

Collumello and officers.

Alm. Tis a sad welcom.

To bid you welcome to the stroak of Death.

Yet you are come too't Lady.

Coll. And a curse

Throughour the land will be your generall knell,

For having bin the wilfull overthrow

First of your Countreys Champion, next

your Queen,

The QUEEN,

Your Lawfull Sovereign, who this very day.

Must act a part which you must act before,
but with less guilt.

Alm. Use no long speeches lady,
The danger of the time, calls us away,
We cannot listen to your farewells now.

Sal. I have few words to say, my heart
is lodg'd

In yon same upper Parliament, yet now
If ere I part, and shall be seen no more,
Some man of mercy could but truly
speake

One word of pardon from the Lord *Velasco*,

My peace were made in earth, and I
should fly

With wings of speed to Heaven.

Alm. Pish here's not any.

Salas. Not any? on then, why should
I prolong

A minute more of life, that live so late,
Where most I strive for love to purchase
hate,

Beare witnes Lords I wish not to call
back

My younger dayes in promise that I
would

Redeem my fault and do *Velasco* right,
But could I but reverse the doom of
time,

I would with humblest suit make pray-
ers to heaven

For his long flourishing welfare.

Col. Dispatch, dispatch;

You should have thought on this before,
pray now

For your own health, for you have need
to pray.

Lodov. Madam *Salassa*, I am bold to take
leave of ye before your long journey: All
the comfort that I can give you is, that
the weather is like to hold very fair,
you need not take much care for either
hood or cloke for the matter.

Salas. Are you come? Worthy Sir,
then I may hope

Your noble friend hath sent one gentle
sigh

To grace my funeral: For vertues sake
Give me a life in death; tell me, O tell
me,

If he but seal my pardon, all is well.

Lodov. Say ye so? Why then in a
word, go merrily up the stagers; my
lord *Velasco* desires Heaven may as hear-
tily forgive him, as he does you.

Salas. Enough, I thank his bounty, on
I go *goes up the Scaffold.*

To smile on horror: so, so, I'm up.

Great in my lowness, and to witness fur-
ther

My humbleness, here let me kneel and
breath

My penitence: O women in my fall,
Remember that your beauties, youth and
pride

Are but gay tempters, 'less you wisely
shun

The errors of your frailties: let me ever
Be an example to all fickle dames,

That folly is no shrine for vertuous
names.

Heaven pardon all my vanities, and free
The lord *Velasco*, what e're come of me.
Bless, bless, the lord *Velasco*.--Strike.

As he is about to strike, Velasco steps out.

Velas. Villain, hold, hold! Or thou
dye'st, Slave.

Alm. What means that counter-
mand?

Lodov. Hey, do! More news yet, you
will not be valiant when 'tis too late, I
trust?

Velas. Woman, come down: Who
lends me now a sword?

Lodov. Marry, that do I, Sir, I am your
first man; Here, here, here, take heed
you do not hurt your fingers; 'twill
cut plaguely: and what will you do
with it?

Velas. Base woman, take thy life, thy
curst life,

I set thee free, and for it pawu a soul:

But that I know heaven hath more store
of mercy,

Then thou and all thy sex of sin and
falsehood.

My Lords, I now stand Champion for
the Queen:

Doth that discharge her?

Col. Bravest man, it doth:

Lady, y'are safe; now, Officers away.

This is a blessed hour! *Ex. Officers.*

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Alm. You shall for ever
Bind us your servants.

Lodov. Alha : Why then, however
things happen, let them fall, as they fall.
God a' mercy, my lord, at last.

Col. Hark how the people ring appeal
of joy, *Shout within.*
For this good news. My lord, time steals
away ;

We may not linger now.

Salas. You give me life ;
Take it not, Sir, away again. I see
Upon your troubled eyes such discon-
tent

As frights my trembling heart ; Dear

Sir—

Velas. The Gold

You hazarded your life for, is your own,
You may receive it at your pleasure.

Alm. Yes,
Tis ready for you, lady.

Salas. Gold ? Let gold,
And all the treasures of the earth besides
Perish like trash ; I value nothing, Sir,
But your assured love.

Velas. My love ! Vain woman,
Henceforth thus turn I from thee, never
look

For Apish dotage, for a smile, a how die,
A fare ye well, a thought from me : let
Snakes

Live in my bosom, and with murtherous
stings

Infect the vital warmth, that lends them
life,

If ever I remember thee or thine.

If I prevail, my services shall crave

But one reward, which shall be, if that
ever

Thou come but in my sight, the State wil
please

To banish thee the land ; or else I vow,
My self to leave it.

Salas. My ill purchast life !

Velas. Ill purchast life, indeed, whose
ransom craves

A sadder price, then price of bloodshed
saves :

Go, learn bad woman, what it is, how
foul,

By gaining of a life, to lose a soul.

The price of one out doth exceed as far

A life here, as the Sun in light a Star.
Here though we live some threescore
years, or more,

Yet we must dye at last, and quit the
score

We owe to nature. But the soul once
dying,

Dyes ever, ever ; no repurifying ;
No earnest sighs or groans ; no interces-
sion ;

No tears ; no pennance ; no too late con-
fession

Can move the ear of justice, if it doom
A soul past cure to an infernal tomb.

Make use of this *Salassa*.

Lodov. Think upon that now, and
take heed, you look

My lord no more in the face.

Salas. Goodness protect him ! now my
life so late

I strove to save, which being sav'd I
hate. *Exeunt all.*

*Enter Alphonso armed all save the head,
leading the Queen, a Herald going
before, Muretto, Herophil,
a Guard.*

Alph. Are you resolv'd to dye ?

Qu. When life is irksom
Death is a happiness.

Alph. Yes, if the cause
Make it not infamous : But when a
beauty

So most incomparable as yours, is ble-
mish'd

With the dishonorable stamp of whore-
dom :

When your black tainted name, which
should have been

(Had you preserv'd it nobly) your best
Chronicle,

Wherein you might have liv'd, when
this is stain'd,

And justly too ; then death doth but
heap

Affliction on the dying. Yet you see
With what a sympathie of equal grief
I mourn your ruine.

Qu. Would you could as clearly
Perceive mine innocence, as I can clearly
Protest it.

F. Alph. Fv,

The QUEEN,

Alph. Fy to justify a sin
Is worse then to commit it, now y'are
faulty.

Muret. What a royall pair of excel-
lent creatures are heer both upon the
castaway. It were a saint like mercy in
you (my Lord) to remitt the memory of
a past error. And in you Madam (if
you be guilty of the supposed crime) to
submitt your selfe to the King. I dare
promise, his love to you is so unfayned,
that it will relent in your humility. Pray
do, good Madam do.

Qu. But how if I be free?

Muret. By any means, for your honors
cause do not yeeld then one jot. Let
not the faint feare of Death deject you
before the royalty of an erected heart.
D'ee heare this my Lord, 'tis a doubtfull
case, almost impossible to be decided,
Look upon her well, as I hope to pro-
per, shee hath a most vertuous, a most in-
nocent countenance. Never heed it. I
know my Lord your jealousy and your
affections wrestle together within you for
them astery. Mark her beauty throughly.
Now by all the power of Love, tis pittie
Shee should not be as fair within as
without.

Alph. Could that be prov'd, I'de give
my kingdom straight
And live a slave to her, and her perfecti-
ons.

Enter Almada, Columello, Attendants.
Lords welcome, see thus arm in arm we
pace
To the wide theater of blood and shame
My Queen and I, my Queen? had shee
bin still
As shee was, mine, we might have liv'd
too happ'ly,
For eithers comfort. Heer on this sweet
modell,

This plott of wonder, this fair face, stands
fixt
My whole felicity on earth. In witnes
Whereof, behold (my Lords) those
manly tears
Which her unkindnes and my cruell fate
Force from their quiet springs, They
speak aloud

To all this open ayre, their publick eyes,

That whither I kill or dy in this attempt
I shall in both be vanquisht.

Alm. 'Tis strange my Lord
Your love should seem so mighty in
your hatred.

Alph. Muretto go, and guard Petruchy
safe. *Exit Muretto.*

We must be stout now, and give over
whineing.

He shall confesse strange things (my
Lords) I warrant ye,

Comes not a champion yet?

Qu. None dares I hope.

Coll. The Queen you know, hath bound
us all by Oath,

We must not undertake to combat you
Although the cause should prove appa-
rent for her.

Alph. Must not? why then y'are co-
wards all, all base,
And fall off from your duties, but you
know

Her follies are notorious, none dares
stand

To justify a sin, they see so playnely.

Coll. You are too hard a censurer.

Alph. Give me your hand, farewell,
thus from my joy's

I part, I ever part, Yet good my Lords,
Place her on yonder throne, where shee
may sit

Just in mine eye, that so if strength
should fail,

I might fetch double strength from her
sweet beauty.

I'll heare no answers.

Qu. Heaven be always guard
To Noble actions *place the Queen.*

Coll. Heer's a medley love
That kills in Curtesie.

Alph. Herauld sound a } trumpet
warning to all defendants. } sounds.

What comes no one forth:

How like you this my Lords?

Sirrah sound again. *Second sound.*

A Trumpet within.
Enter herauld sounding, after him Velasco

will arm'd all save the head, Lodovico,
and attendants.

Velasco? ha? art thou the man? although

or the Excellency of her SEX.

Thy cowardice hath publisht thee so
base,

As that it is an injury to honour
To fight with one that hath been baff'd
Korn'd,

Yet I will bid thee welcom.

Velas. Nobly spoken.

Past times can tell you sir, I was no co-
ward,

And now the justice of a gallant quar-
rell

Shall new revive my dulnes, Yonder sits
A Queen as free from stain, of your dis-
grace,

As you are fowle in urging it.

Alph. Thou talk'st couragiously, I love
thee for it,

And, if thou canst make good what thou
avouchest,

I'll kneel to thee, as to another nature

Velas. We come not heer to chide, My
sword shall thunder

The right for which I strike.

Qu. Traytor to loyalty,

Rash and unknown fool, what desperate
lunacy

Hath led thee on to draw thy treache-
rous sword

Against thy King, upon a ground so
giddy

That thou art but a stranger in the cause
Thou wouldst defend, By all my royall
blood

If thou prevailst, thy head shal answer it.

Coll. Madam you wrong his truth, and
your own fame.

Alm. You violate the liberry of armes.

Alph. Pish, listen not to her, 'tis I'me
your man.

Qu. Why foolish! Lords, unsensible
and false,

Can any drop of blood be drawn from
him

My Lord, your King, which is not drawn
from me?

Velasco by the duty that thou ow'st me
I charge thee to lay by thy armes.

Velas. I must not;
Unless this man whom you call king,
confess

That he hath wrong'd your honor.

Qu. Wilt thou fight then

When I command the contrary?

Velas. I will.

Qu. *Velasco.* heare me once more, thou
were wont

To be as pittifull as thou wert valiant,
I will entreat thee gentle kind *Velasco*;
A weeping Queen sues to thee, Doe not
fight,

Velasco, every blow thou givest the King,
Wounds mee, didst ever love? *Velasco*
hear me.

Alph. Shee must not be endur'd.

Velas. Nor can shee win me,

Blush you my Lord at this.

Qu. O let me dy

Rather then see my Lord affronted thus
Queen falls into a sound.

Velas. Hold up the Queen, she swoons.

Alm. Madam Deare Madam.

Coll. Can you see her and not be toucht
my Lord?

Was ever woman false that lov'd so truly

Alph. 'Tis all dissimulation.

Velas. You dishonour her,
To prove it I'll fight both quarrels now.

Enter a herauld sounding a trumpett.
after him Petruchi arm'd head
and all.

Lodov. Heydò? here comes more work
for mettall men.

Alm. Another who should he be?

Alph. Speake what art thou?

Petr. One that am summon'd from the
power above

To guard the innocence of that fair *Queen*.
Not more against the man that would
accuse her.

Then all the world besides.

Th'art welcome too.

Velas. You come too late friend, I am
he alone

Stand ready to defend that gracious
beauty.

You may return.

Petr. There's not a man alive

Hath interest in this quarrel but my selfe,
I out of mine own knowledg can avouch
Her accusation to be meerly false,
As he it selfe.

The QUEEN,

Qu. What mortall man is he,
So wilfull in his confidence, can sweare
More then he knowes.

Petr. I swear but what I know.

Alph. Hast thou a name?

Petr. Yes, helpe my beaver down,
D'ee know me now?

Lodovico discovers him

Alph. Petruchi! death of manhood,
I am plainly bought & sold, why wher's
Muretto?

*Enter Muretto with a
sword drawn.*

Muret. Here as ready to stand in de-
fence of that Miracle of chaste women, as
any man in this presence.

Alph. Are all conspir'd against me? what
thou too?

Now by my fathers ashes, by my life
Thou art a villain, a grosse rank'rous vil-
lain,

Did'st not thou only first inforce my
thoughts to jealousy?

Muret. Tis true I did.

Alph. Nay more,

Didst not thou feed those thoughts with
fresh supplies

Nam'd every circumstance?

Muret. All this I grant.

Alph. Dost grant it, Dog, slave, Hel-
hound?

Muret. Will you hear me?

Coll. Heare him good my Lord, let us
perswade ye,

Alph. What canst thou say Impostor?
speake and choake.

Muret. I have not deserv'd this my
Lord, and you shall find it, 'tis true, I
must confesse, that I was the only instru-
ment to incense you to this distempera-
ture and I am proud to say it, and say
it again before this noble presence, that
I was my selfe the only man.

Alph. Insufferable Devil!

Alm. Pray my Lord.

Muret. Wonder not my Lords, but
lend mee your attentions, I saw with
what violence he perswade his resolutions
not more in detestation of the Queen in
particular, then of all her sex in gene-

rall. That I may not weary your pati-
ence: I bent all my Studies to devise,
which way I might do service to my
country, by reclayming the distraction
of his discontents. And having felt his
disposition in every pulse, I found him
most addicted to this pestilence of jealo-
sy with a strong persuation of which; I
from time to time, ever fed him by de-
grees, till I brought the Queen and the
noble Petruchi into the dangers they
yet stand in. But with all (and herin I
appeale to your Majesties own approba-
tion) I season'd my words with such an
intermixing the praises of the Queens
bewty, that from jealousy I drew the King
into a serious examination of her per-
fections.

Alph. Thus farr I must acknowledg,
he speaks truth.

Muret. At length having found him
indeed surely affected, I perceav'd, that
nothing but the suppos'd blemish of her
dishonour, could work a second divorce
between them.

Alph. True, truly fates own truth.

Muret. Now my Lords, to cleer that
imputation, I knew how easie it would
be, by the apparent certainty it selfe; In
all which, if I have erred, it is the error
of a loyall service. Only I must ever ac-
knowledg how justly I have deserved
a punishment, in drawing so vertuous a
princesses honor into publick question;
and humbly referr my selfe to her gra-
cious clemency, and your noble con-
structions.

Alph. But can, can this be so?

Muret. Let me ever else, be the subject
of your rage, in the sufferance of any tor-
ture.

Alph. And is thee chaste *Petruchi*?

Petr. Chaste by vertue,
As is the new born virgin, for ought I
know.

Muret. I ever whisperd so much in
your ears my Lord, and told you, that it
was impossible such singular endow-
ments by nature, should yeild to the
corruption so much, as of an unworthy
thought.

Did I not tell you so from time to time,

or the Excellency of her S E X.

Alph. Lay by your arms, my lords, and joyn with me.

Let's kneel to this (what shall I call her?) Woman?

No, she's an Angel. Glory of Creation,
All kneel.

Can you forget my wickedness? Your Peers,

Your Senators, your bravest men, make suit on my behalf. Why speak ye not, my lords?

I am I know too vile to be remitted,
But she is merciful.

All. Great Sovereign Lady --

Qu. Be not so low, my lord, in your own thoughts:

You are, as you were, Sovereign of my heart;

And I must kneel to you.

Alph. But will you love me?

Qu. 'Tis my part to ask that: will you love me?

Alph. Ever, yours ever; let this kiss new marry us.

What say?

Qu. It does; and heaven it self can tell

I never did, nor will wrong our first loves.

Alph. Speak it no more. Let's rise, now I am King

Of two rich Kingdoms, as the world affords:

The Kingdom of thy beauty, and this land.

But what rests for *Muretto*?

Qu. I account my worthiest thanks his debt.

Alm. And he deserves all honor, all respect.

Col. Thus my imbraces

Can witness how I truly am his friend.

Velas. And I whilst I have life.

Lodov. Nay when I am dead I, will appear again, clap thee on the shoulder and cry, God a' mercy old Surebby.

Petr. I must ask pardon of him, still I thought

His plot had aim'd all at his own behoof,

But I am sorry for that misconceit.

Muret. My lords, What I have been

hetheretofore, I cannot altogether excuse; but I am sure my desires were alwaies monest, however my low fortune kept me down: But now I finde 'tis your honest man is your honest man still, howe'er the world go.

Alph. Muretto, Whilst I live thou shalt be neer me,

As thou deservest: And noble Gentlemen

I am in all your debts: henceforth believe me,

I'll strive to be a servant to the State.

All. Long live happy both.

Alph. But where are now my brace of new-made Courtiers,
My Scholler and my Captain?

Lodov. I cry guilty, there is a large story depends upon their exploits, my Lord; for both they thinking in such perilous times to be shifting every man for one, have took a passing provident course to live without help hereafter. The man in the moon, Signior *Pynto*, for the raising of his fortune a Planet higher, is by this time married to a kinde of loose-bodied widow, called by Sirname a Bawde; one that if he follow wholesom instructions, will maintain him, there's no question on't, the captain for his part, is somewhat more delicately resolv'd for as adventurous (though not as frail) a piece of service. For he in hope to marry this lady, attending on the Queen, granted *Petruchi* his liberty, and by this time hath received a sufficient *quietus est*.

Alph. Are these my trusty servants? What a blindness was I led into!

Lodov. If your Highnesses both will in these daies of mirth crown the Comedy; first let me from the Queens royal gift be bold to receive *Herophil* for my wife; She and I are resolv'd of the business already.

Qu. With all my heart, I think her well bestow'd,
If she her self consents.

Her. My duty, Madam,
Shall ever speak my thankfulness, in this

I reckon all my services rewarded.

Velas. Much

The QUEEN,

Velas. Much comfort to you friend.

All. All joy and peace.

Lodov. My duty to my Sovereigns, to all therest at once, my heartiest heartiest thanks. Now, lady, you are mine; why so, here's short work to begin with. If in the end we make long work, and beget a race of mad-caps, we shall but do as our fathers and mothers did, and they must be cared for.

Enter Pynto, Bufo, Mopas, with a tire upon his head, and Shaparoons.

Pyn. Follow me not bawde; my lord the King;
My Jove, justice, justice.

Buf. Justice to me; I was like to have been married to these black muschatoes instead of that lady.

Pyn. I to this ugly bawde.

Both. Justice.

Alph. Hence you ridiculous fools, I banish you

For ever from my presence: Sirrah, to thee

I give the charge, that they be forthwith stript,

And put into such rags they came to Court in;

And so turn'd off.

Pyn. Dost hear me King?

Buf. King hear me; I'me the wiser man.

Alph. No more I say.

Mop. Come away, come away for shame; you see what 'tis to be given to the flesh: the itch of litchery must be cured with the whip of correction. Away, away.

Exeunt Bufo, Pynto, Mopas and Shaparoons.

Alph. What else remains
But to conclude this day in Hymen's Feasts?

Enter Salassa her hair loose, a white rod in her hand, two or three with bags of money.

To whom; for what;
Your meaning, name, and errand?

Salas. At those feet

Lay down those sums of gold, the price of guilt,

Of shame, of horror.

Qu. What new riddle's this?

Murette whispers the King, Collumello the Queen.

Muret. My Gracious lord.

Col. I shall inform your Highness.

Velas. Woman of impudence.

Salas. Your looks proclaim
My sentence banishment; or if you think

The word of banishment too hard to utter.

But turn away, my lord, and without accent

I'll understand my doom, I'll take my leave,

And like a penitentiary walk

Many miles hence to a religious shrine
Of some chaste sainted Nun, and wash my sin off.

In tears of penance, to my last of breath.

Velas. You come to new torment me.

Salas. I am gone, my lord; I go for ever.

Going out.

Lodov. Faith be merciful, the woman will prove a wife worth the having, I'll pass my word.

Alph. E'ne so; stay, lady, I command you, stay.

Velasco here's occasion proffer'd now
For me to purchase some deserving favour

From woman; honour me in my first suit;

Remit and love that lady.

Velas. Good my lord.

Alph. Nay, nay, I must not be deny'd, my Queen

Shall joyn with me to mediate for her.

Qu. Yes, I dare undertake, she that presents

Her pennance in such sorrow, hearty sorrow,

Will know how to redeem the time with duty,

With love, obedience.

Lodov. D'ee hear, my lord; all the ladies in Arragon, and my wife among the rest, will bait ye like so many wild cats,

or the Excellency of her S E X.

if you should triumph over a poor yeelding creature, that does in a manner lye down to ye of her own accord. Come, I know you love her with all the very vaines of your heart.

Muret. There's more hope of one woman reclaim'd (my lord) then of many conceited of their own innocence, which indeed they never have but in conceit.

Velas. To strive against the ordinance of fate,
I finde is all in vain : Lady, your hand,
I must confesse I love you, and I hope
Our faults shall be redeem'd in being
henceforth
True votaries to vertue, and the faith

Our mutual vows shal to each other owe
Say, are you mine, resolv'd ?

Lodov. Why that's well said.

Salas. Yours, as you please to have me:

Velas. Here then ends

All memory of any former strife :
He hath enough who hath a vertuous wife.

All. Long joy to both.

Alph. The money we return
Where it is due ; and for *Velasco's* merits
Will double it. Thus after storms a
calm

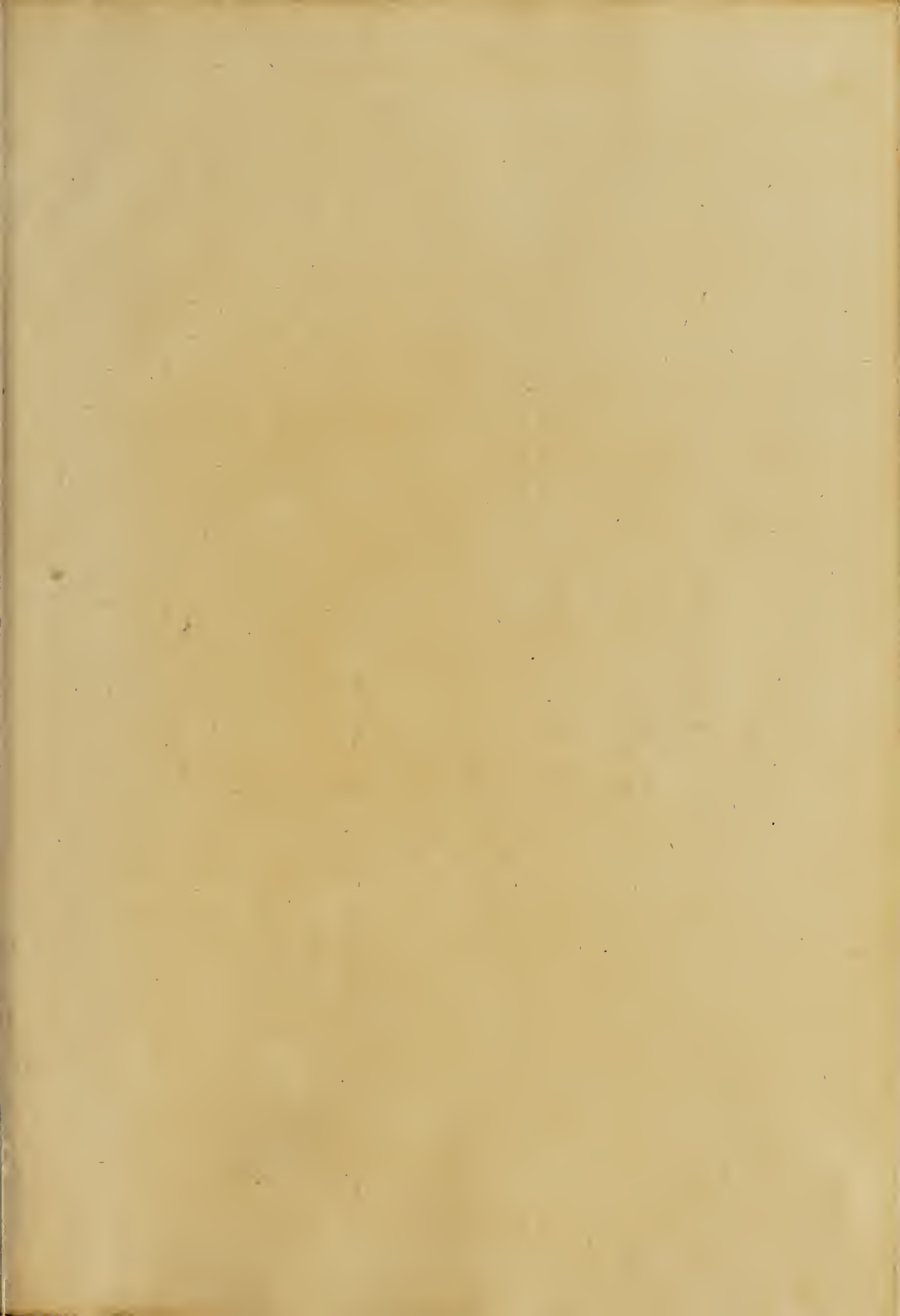
Is ever welcomest : Now we have past
The worst, and all I hope is well at last

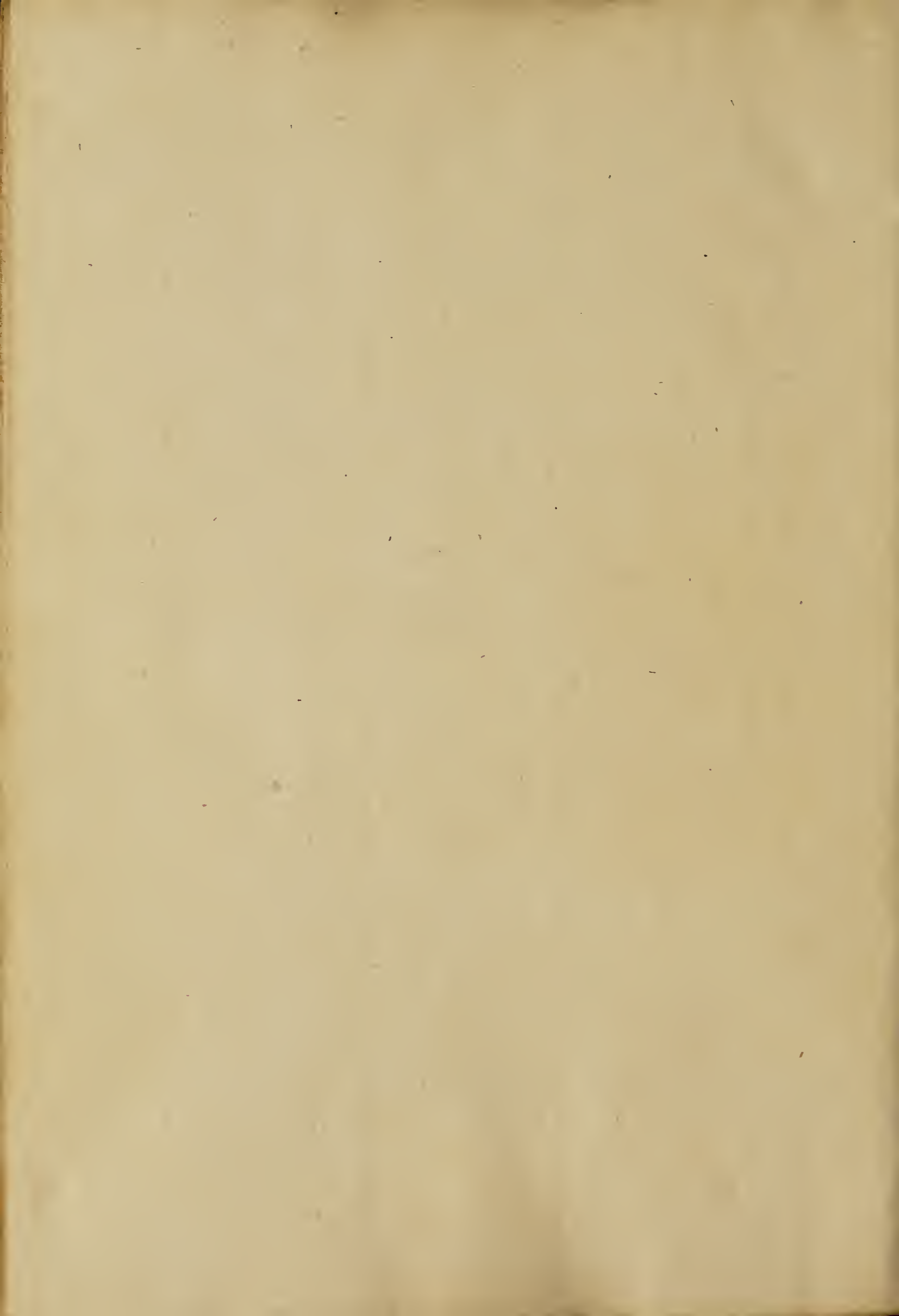
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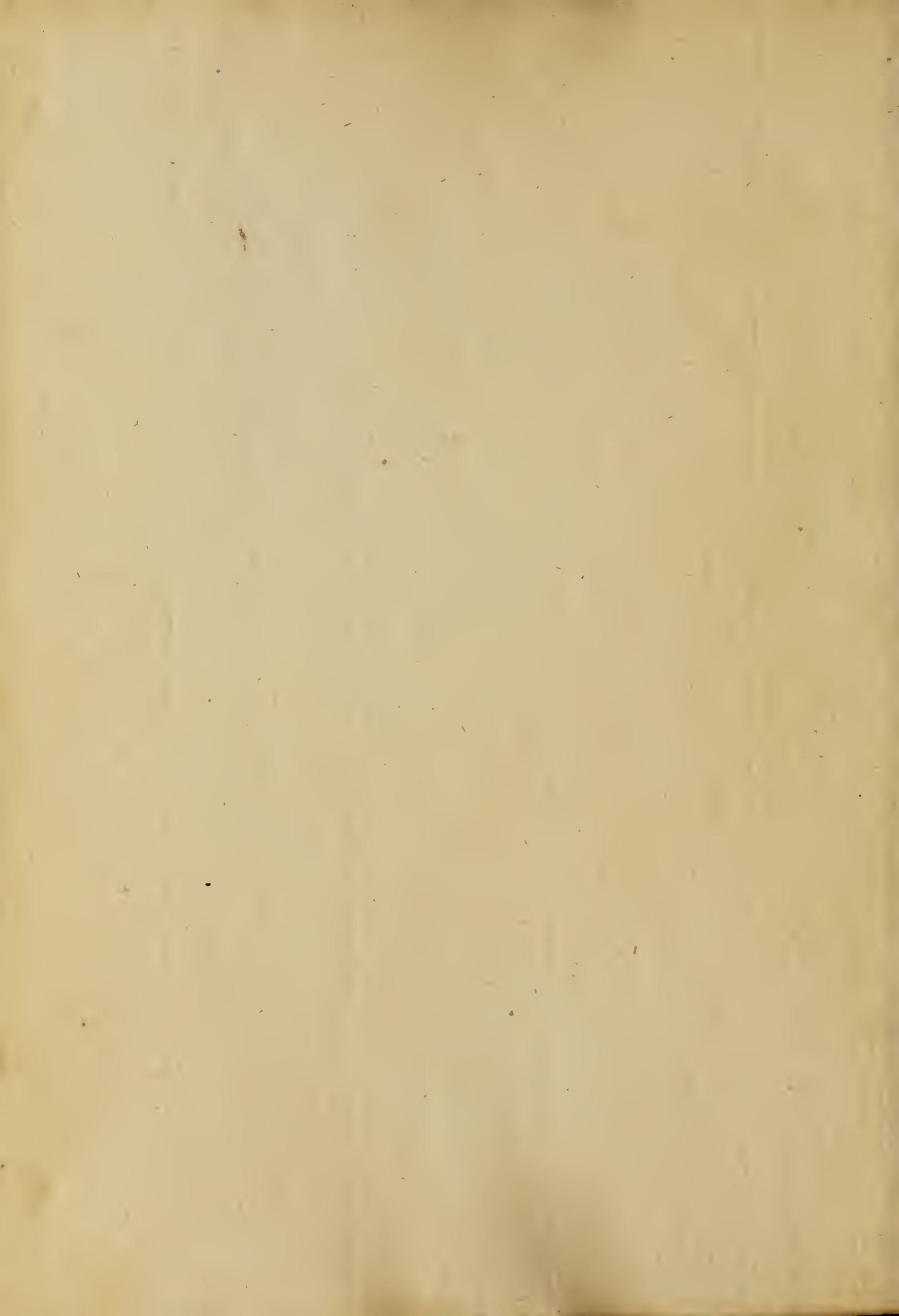
FINIS.

The world is full of things which are
not worth having; how many of them
are there? How many of them are there?
How many of them are there?

[illegible]







of

